



The  
Academic  
Hymnal

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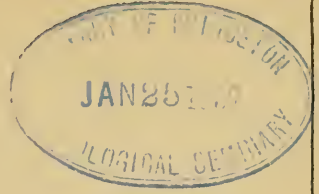
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The  
Academic Hymnal

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND CHANTS  
WITH TUNES HARMONIZED  
FOR MEN'S VOICES AND IN UNISON

Specially designed  
for use in  
College Chapels



New York, G. Schirmer  
1899

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## Publishers' Note

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The compilation of the ACADEMIC HYMNAL was suggested by the requirements of college chapels for which no adequate provision appears to have been made in the extensive range of hymnology.

The harmonizations in the hymnals generally used in college chapels are for mixed voices, and, as every musician knows, entirely useless for men's voices. The one or two collections for men's voices that exist are in so many respects inadequate, that the publishers feel justified in issuing the present work, to which they have been urged and encouraged by correspondents throughout the country.

The chief collaborators in the Academic Hymnal were Charles B. Hawley, J. Hyatt Brewer, H. W. Nicholl and Max Vogrich, and the publishers are also indebted to Harry Rowe Shelley, Gerrit Smith, Horatio W. Parker, Homer N. Bartlett and others for valuable suggestions.

A practical difficulty considered at the outset was the fact that a large number of the student body are unable to read music, and when these join in the singing usually reinforce the melody throughout. This made it desirable to put the melody in as low a key as the compass of each tune permitted, and thus it will be found that most are within easy reach of the average voice. In a few cases, however, the limitations of the basses had to be considered in the harmonization, and the melody range is necessarily so high as to place some notes of the tune beyond the reach of the majority of amateur tenors. The impossibility of entirely obviating this difficulty will be readily recognized by ordinary musicians.

A special feature of this hymnal, which should commend itself by reason of its general usefulness, consists in the large number of hymns that have been

arranged for voices in unison, with special harmonizations for the organ. These arrangements are by Mr. Nicholl and Mr. Vogrich, the latter contributing several of the old German Chorales, most of them being new to English hymnology.

In order to secure for the book the widest circulation, single and double chants and other music with the words necessary for the various services of the Protestant Episcopal Church and its colleges, have been included. These have been placed altogether at the end of the volume.

It is offered as a practical suggestion that when two hymns are included in the service, the first should be sung as harmonized (preferably unaccompanied), and the second in unison with the special organ accompaniment. When the organ accompanies harmonized tunes, the following suggestions will be useful to non-professional organists. When eight-foot stops are used, the tenor parts should be played an octave lower than printed; when sixteen-foot stops, the bass parts should be played an octave higher.

A large number of the hymns will be recognized as standard favorites that could not be omitted from any collection. To these have been added a sufficient variety suited to the different days of the Christian Year and special occasions. The index of subjects will be found to be a very useful guide to the special bearing of each hymn.

Included in the Academic Hymnal are a number of tunes specially written for the work, and thus not to be found in any other book.



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OF

First Lines of Hymns  
First Lines of Canticles

Subjects

Metres

Tunes

Chants

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335	Across the sky, the shades of night
1	All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name
304	All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name—in Unison
341	All my heart this night rejoices
155	All people that on earth do dwell
148	All praise to Thee, eternal Lord
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284	All unseen the Master walketh
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348	Almighty Father, bless the word
130	Am I a soldier of the cross
297	Am I a soldier of the cross
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11	As now the sun's declining rays
80	As pants the hart for cooling streams
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79	As pants the wearied hart
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23	At the Lamb's high feast
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31	Blest be the tie that binds
189	Bow down Thine ear, almighty
15	Bread of the world, in mercy broken
118	Brief life is here our portion
222	Bright and joyful is the morn
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204	Call Jehovah thy salvation
16	Calm on the list'ning ear of night
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96	Christ, of all my hopes the ground
259	Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day
19	Christian ! dost thou see them
291	Christians, up ! the day is breaking
236	Come, every pious heart
263	Come, gracious Lord, descend
17	Come hither, ye faithful
274	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator bi-est
231	Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire
42	Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove
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160	From ev'ry stormy wind that blows
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25	Jesus lives! thy terrors now
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198	Look from Thy sphere of endless day
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258	Loved with everlasting love
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 128 O God of Bethel, by Whose hand  
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 144 O God, unseen, yet ever near  
 129 Oh, help us, Lord; each hour  
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 318 O Lord, how happy should we be—in Unison  
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   54 O Paradise, O Paradise  
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 240 O Saviour, who didst come  
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 107 Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres above  
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 147 O Thou to Whose all-searching  
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149	Selby	12	Hursley	116	Sienna
77	Siloam	63 (2)	Just as I am	295	Sienna
80	Spohr	182	Melcombe	199	Silver Street
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292	Williams	187	Quebec		6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.
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322	Winchester, Old—in Unison	160	Retreat	303	Bethany—in Unison
249	Windsor	100	Rockingham		6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.
324	Windsor—in Unison	104	Rothwell	40	America
218	Woodstock	270	Samson	342	America—in Unison
		268	Seasons	2	Italian Hymn
	C.M.D.	266	Sessions	50	Olivet
3	All Saints	63 (1)	St. Crispin		68, 58. 4 LINES.
123	Castle Rising	147	Sweden	9	Twilight
18	Christmas Carol	8	Tallis' Canon		
297	Pennsylvania				

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	6s, 5s. 8 LINES.
65	Penitence
278	St. Alban
327	St. Alban—in Unison
19	St. Andrew of Crete
55	St. Gertrude
	6s. 4 LINES.
59	Laudes Domini
124	St. Cecilia
	6s. 8 LINES.
234	Jewett
64	Harison
	6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.
85	Nun Danket
308	Nun Danket—in Unison
	7s. 5s. 4 LINES.
74	Lafayette
	7s, 5s. 8 LINES, WITH REFRAIN.
157	Intercession, New
	7s, 6s. 4 LINES.
92	Cornelia
33	Matrimony
	7s, 6s. 8 LINES.
57	Aurelia
48	Ewing
223	Mendebras
68	Munich
118	O Bona Patria
122	Passion Chorale (No. 2)
311	Passion Chorale (No. 2)— in Unison
120	Rotterdam
43	Webb
	7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7.
336	Suhl
	7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6.
330	Gaudeamus
	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.
58	Amsterdam
	7s. 4 LINES.
24	Ascension
180	Heinlein
319	Heinlein—in Unison
96	Hendon
221	Innocents
259	Mozart
87	Pleyel's Hymn
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	7s. 6 LINES
27	Dix
60 (1)	Gethsemane
275	Nuremberg
207	Repose
257	Sabbath
60 (2)	Toplady
	7s. 8 LINES.
35	Benevento
258	Blumenthal
47	Martyn
252	Salzburg
20	Spanish Chant
23	St. George's
195	Watchman
	7s. 10 LINES.
93	Mendelssohn
	7s, 8s, WITH ALLELUIA.
25	St. Albinus
	8, 3, 3, 6. 8 LINES.
341	Bonn
	8, 5, 8, 3.
41 (2)	Bullinger
41 (1)	Stephanos
	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.
54	Paradise
	8, 6, 6, 8, 8, 6.
169	Ariel
179	Innsbrück
318	Innsbrück—in Unison
	8s, 7s. 4 LINES.
4	Christi Gratia
62	Dominus regit me
283	Quartet
205	Rathbun
66	Sardis
203	Stuttgart
56	Trust
226	Wilmot
	8s, 7s. 6 LINES.
170	Dulce Carmen
317	Dulce Carmen—in Unison
5 (1)	Sicilian Mariners' Hymn
	8s, 7s. 8 LINES.
241	Austria
323	Austria—in Unison
213	Autumn
173	Beecher
201	Columbia
301	Cornell
89	Disciple
296	Harvard

HYMN.	TUNE.
	8s, 7s. 8 LINES.
156	Knightsbridge
201	Missionary Hymn
242	Rex Gloriae
78	St. Baldred
6	Vesper Hymn
	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
251	Hollywood
265	Segur
5 (2)	Störl
193	Zion
	8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7.
82	Ein' Feste Burg
307	Ein' Feste Burg—in Uni- son
	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, WITH REFRAIN.
264	Harwell
	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.
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26	Victory
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287	Rutgers
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253	Flemming
52	Integer Vitæ
	8s. 4 LINES
290	Union
302	Veni Creator
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294	Princeton
343	Princeton—in Unison
	9, 6, 11, 4.
331	Auferstehen
	9s, 8s. 4 LINES.
15	Eucharist
	9s, 8s. 8 LINES.
333	Wartburg
	9, 8, 9, 8, 10, 8
337	Rudolfstadt
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49	Lux Benigna
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125	St. Nicholas

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219	Lischer
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	P. M.
172	Alford
334	Erfurt
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37	Hawley
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# The Academic Hymnal.


(Men's Voices.)

## Opening.

1 MILES LANE. C. M.

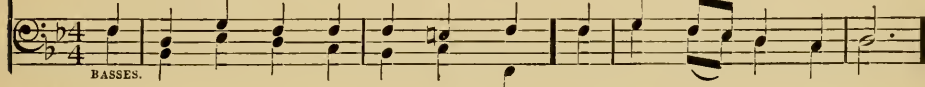
W. SHRUBSOLE. 1785.

TENORS

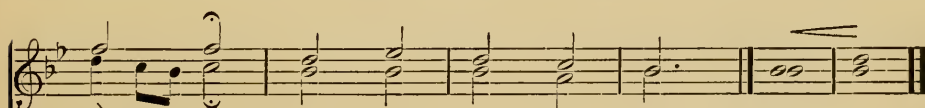


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall:  
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of your God, Who from His al - tar call;

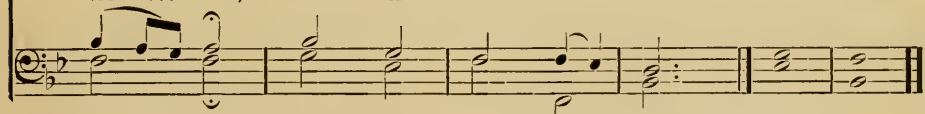
BASSES.



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, } And crown Him, crown Him  
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, }



crown... Him, crown Him Lord of... all! A - men. -



3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song  
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call;  
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

# Opening.

(Second Tune.)

## CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN, comp. 1793.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name!, Let an - gels  
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of your God, Who from His

pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, }  
al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, }

1-2. And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al

(II Bass Staccato.)

di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all! A - men.

*legato.* *fz* *p*

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song  
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call;  
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

# Opening.

2 ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

F. GIARDINI. 1769.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,

Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days! A - - - men.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend!  
Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success:  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour!  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

4 To Thee, great One in Three  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

# Opening.

## 3 ALL SAINTS. C. M. D.

H. S. CUTLER. 1872.

*f* *Marcato.*

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain, .

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain; .

Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
 Could pierce beyond the grave;  
 Who saw his Master in the sky,  
 And called on Him to save.  
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
 In midst of mortal pain,  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
 Who follows in His train?

3 A noble army: men and boys,  
 The matron and the maid;  
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
 In robes of light arrayed.  
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
 Through peril, toil, and pain:  
 O God, to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train.

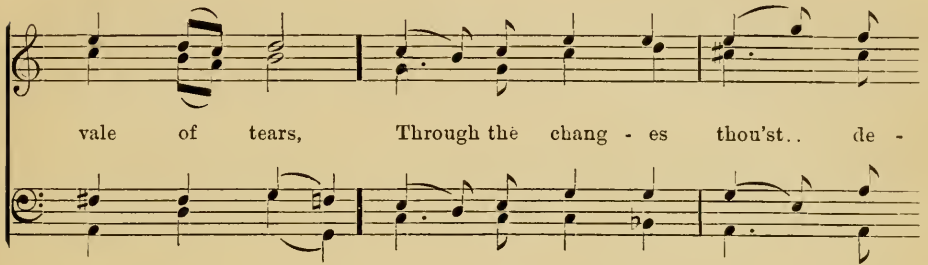
# Closing.

4 CHRISTI GRATIA. 8s, 7s. 4l.

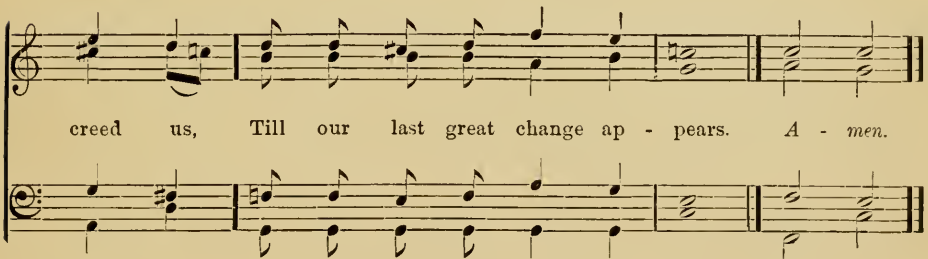
C. B. HAWLEY.



1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us Thro' this lone - ly



vale of tears, Through the chang - es thou'st.. de -



creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears. A - men.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let Thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us on Thy bosom rest.  
Till, by angel-bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

Thos. Hastings. (1784—1872.)

# Closing.

5

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN. 8s, 7s. 61.

SICILIAN MELODY.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with

joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,

Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; Oh... re - fresh us...

Oh, re - fresh us... Trav - 'ling through this wil - der - ness. A - men.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,  
Saviour, from the world away,  
Fear of death shall not appall us,  
Glad Thy summons to obey.  
May we ever  
Reign with Thee in endless day.

J. Fawcett. 1743.

# Closing.

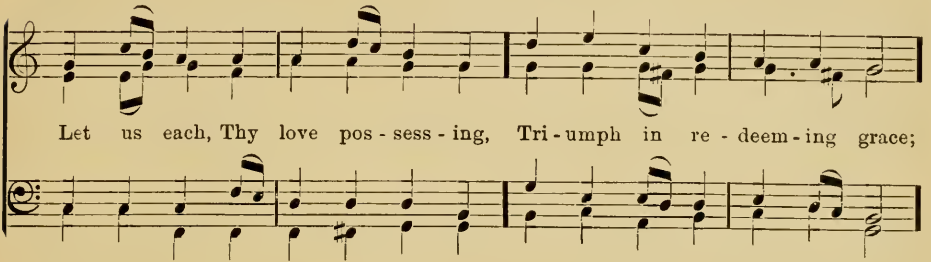
(Second Tune.)

STÖRL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

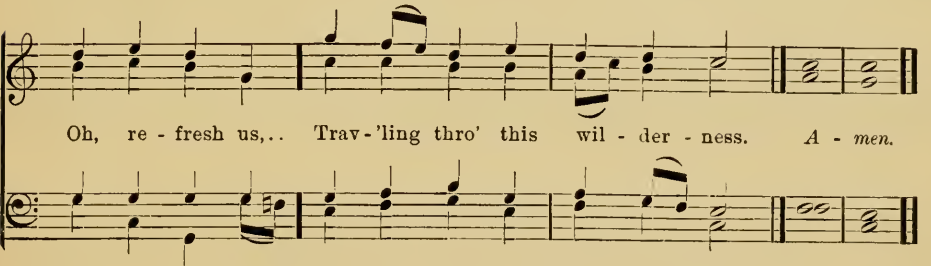
J. H. C. STÖRL. 1744.



1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;



Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace;



Oh, re-fresh us,.. Trav-'ling thro' this wil-der-ness. A-men.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,  
Saviour, from the world away,  
Fear of death shall not appall us,  
Glad Thy summons to obey.  
May we ever  
Reign with Thee in endless day.

# Evening.

6 VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s. 81.

D. S. BORTNIANSKY. (1751—1825.)

*p* *Equalmente e molto sostenuto.*

1. Sav-iour, breathe an ev-'ning bless-ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal.

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee,

Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be. A - men.

2 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrows past us fly,  
 Angel guards from Thee surround us;  
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.  
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping  
 Humbly we ourselves resign;  
 Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,  
 Make our slumbers pure as Thine;  
 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,  
 Chase the darkness of our night,  
 Till the perfect day before us  
 Breaks in everlasting light.



# Evening.

7 EVENTIDE. 10s.

W. H. MONK. 1861.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness".

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and".

com-forts flee; Help of the help-less, Oh, a - bide with me. A - men.

The third system of music concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "com-forts flee; Help of the help-less, Oh, a - bide with me. A - men." The system ends with a double bar line.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. Lyte. 1847.

# Evening.

BATTELL. 10s.

(Second Tune.)

R. BATTELL. 1882.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!... When oth - er help - ers fail, and

com - forts flee, .. Help of the helpless, Oh, a - bide with me. A - men.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyte. 1847.

TROYTE. 10s.

(Third Tune.)

A. H. D. TROYTE. (1811—1857.)

# Evening.

8 TALLIS' CANON. L. M.

T. TALLIS. 1565.

1. All praise to Thee, my God this night, For all the bless-ings of the light,

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/2 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is a canon, with the treble staff starting the melody and the bass staff following. The first line of music contains the lyrics: "1. All praise to Thee, my God this night, For all the bless-ings of the light,". The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes in the third measure.

Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine ownal - might-y wings. *A-men.*

The second system of musical notation continues the canon from the first system. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes in the third measure. The lyrics are: "Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings, Be-neath Thine ownal - might-y wings. *A-men.*". The system ends with a double bar line.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close :  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,  
For ever chase dark sleep away.  
And hymns divine with angels sing,  
All praise to Thee, eternal King!
- 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, angelic host :  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Ep. Thos. Ken. 1799.

# Evening.

9 TWILIGHT. 6s, 5s.

J. BARNEY. 1868.

1. Now the day is... o - - ver, Night is  
2. Je - - sus, give the... wea - - ry Calm and

draw - - ing nigh;..... Shad - - ows of the  
sweet re - - pose;..... With Thy ten - - d'rest

even - - ing Steal a - - cross the sky.  
bless - - ing May our eye - - lids close. A - - men.

3 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches,  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

# Evening.

10 SEYMOUR. 7s.

Arr. from C. M. VON WEBER. 1820.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
 2. Thou, Whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. *A - men.*  
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
 Shall for ever pass away;  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known  
 All of man's infirmity;  
 Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bp. G. W. Doane. 1827.

11 HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. BARNEY. 1861.

1. As now the sun's de - clin - ing rays At e - ven - tide de - scend,  
 So life's brief day is sink - ing down To its ap - point - ed end. *A - men.*

2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were stretched  
 To draw Thy people nigh;  
 Oh, grant us then that cross to love,  
 And in those arms to die,

3 All glory to the Father be,  
 All glory to the Son,  
 All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 While endless ages run.

C. Coffin, (1676-1749). Tr. J. Chandler. 1837.

# Evening.

12 HURSLEY. L. M.

P. RITTER, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear! It is not  
2. When the soft dew's of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry

night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-  
eye-lids gen-tly steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to

rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes!  
rest For ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast! A-men.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble. 1820.

## Evening.

13 ST. GABRIEL. 8, 8, 8, 4.

F. A. G. OUSELEY. 1863.

1. The ra - diant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too

soon her gold - en store; The shad - ows of de -

part - ing day Creep on... once more. A - men.

- 2 Our life is but an autumn day,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past!  
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,  
Safe home at last.
- 3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky,
- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,  
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring. 1864.

# Evening.

14 ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

H. HILES. 1867.

1. The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the dark'ning sky;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs, The dew's of eve-ning lie.

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;..

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

- 2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
 Oh, do not Thon despise,  
 But let the incense of our prayers  
 Before Thy mercy rise.  
 The brightness of the coming night  
 Upon the darkness rolls;  
 With hopes of future glory chase  
 The shadows on our souls.
- 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade  
 So fade within our heart  
 The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
 That one by one depart.

- Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
 Within the heavens shine:  
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,  
 And trust in things divine.
- 4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,  
 Upon our souls descend:  
 From midnight fears, and perils, Thou  
 Our trembling hearts defend:  
 Give us a respite from our toil;  
 Calm and subdue our woes;  
 Through the long day we labor, Lord,  
 Oh, give us now repose.



# Communion.

15 EUCHARIST. 9s, 8s.

Rev. J. S. B. HODGES. S.T.D. 1869.

(♩ = 76.)

1. Bread of the world, in mer - - cy bro - ken,

Wine of the soul, ... in mer - cy shed,

By whom the words of life... were spok - en,

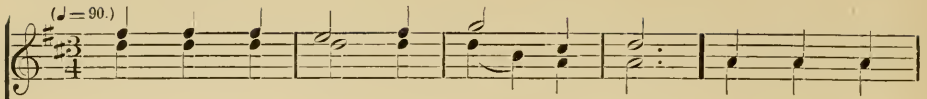
And in whose death our sins.. are dead. A - men.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
\* That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

# Christmas.

16 ST. AGNES. C. M.

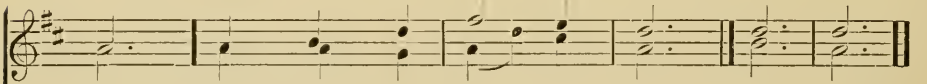
J. B. DYKES. 1866.



1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me -  
2. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred



lo - dious strains, Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es  
glo - ries there; And an - gels, with their spark - ling



far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.  
lyres, Make mu - sic on... the air. A - - men.



3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The Day-Spring from on high.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring,  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King!"

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!  
The Saviour now is born:  
More bright on Beth'lehem's joyous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

# Christmas.

## 17 PORTUGUESE HYMN. P. M.

JOHN READING. 1680.

*Con spirito.*

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - umph - ant - ly sing; Come, see in the

man - ger the an - gels dread King. To Beth - le - hem hast - en with

joy - ful ac - cord, . . . . Oh come ye, come hith - er, oh come ye, come

hith - er, Oh come ye, come hith - er to wor - ship the Lord. A - men.

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;  
To be born of a Virgin He doth not despise.  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark! hark to the angels! all singing in heaven,  
"To God in the highest all glory be given!"  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesu, this day of Thy birth,  
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth;  
True Godhead incarnate! Omnipotent Word!  
Oh come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

Anon. Latin, 17th Century. Tr. Caswall-Schaff.

# Christmas.

## 18 CHRISTMAS CAROL. C. M. D.

R. S. WILLIS. (1819—).

(♩ = 58.)

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old, ..  
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;  
And still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:

Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra - cious King;  
A - bove its sad and lone - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wings,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing. A - men.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow!  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

# Lent.

## 19 ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6s, 5s. 81.

J. B. DYKES. (1823—1876).

*p* ( $\text{♩} = 96.$ )

1. Chris - tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,

*mf*

*cresc.* *dim.*

How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?

*f* ( $\text{♩} = 112.$ )

Chris - tian! up and smite them, Count - ing gain but.. loss;

Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the Cross. A - men.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them  
 How they work within,  
 Striving, tempting, luring,  
 Goading into sin?  
 Christian! never tremble;  
 Never be downcast;  
 Gird thee for the battle,  
 Watch, and pray, and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,  
 How they speak thee fair?  
 "Always fast and vigil?  
 Always, watch and prayer?"  
 Christian, answer boldly:  
 "While I breathe I pray:"  
 Peace shall follow battle,  
 Night shall end in day.

# Lent.

20

SPANISH CHANT. 7s. 81.

SPANISH MELODY.

*(♩=68.)*

1. Sav-our! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee,

When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes,

Oh! by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fered once for man be-low;

Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol- emn lit - a - ny! A - men.

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread permitted hour  
Of the mighty tempter's power:  
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguished sigh that told,  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn litany!

- 4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sealed sepulchral stone;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God:  
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

# Lent.

## 21 REDHEAD 47. 7s.

R. REDHEAD. 1820.

(♩ = 72.)

*mf*

1. See the des - tined day a - rise! See a  
2. Je - su, who but Thou had borne, Lift - ed

*mf*

will - ing sac - ri - fice! Je - sus to re -  
on that tree of scorn, Ev - ery pang and

deem our loss, Hangs up - on the shame - ful cross.  
bit - ter throes, Fin - ish - ing Thy life of woe? *A - men.*

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain                    4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,  
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,                    Mingled from Thy side with blood;  
And with tender body bear                            Sign to all attesting eyes  
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?            Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace  
In that sacrifice to place  
All our trust for life renewed,  
Pardoned sin and promised good.

Venantius Fortunatus (530—609.) *Par. Bp. R. Mant.* 1837.

# Lent.

22 LANGRAN. 10s.

J. LANGRAN. 1862.

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at

heav'n and long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may find a

home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A - men.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
 In the pure glory of that holy land?  
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
 Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
 Evil is ever with me day by day;  
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
 "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

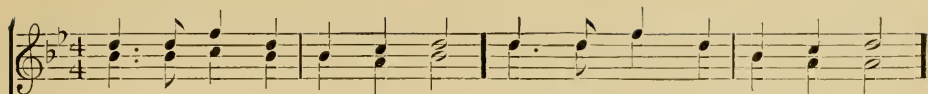
4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;  
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
 And His the blood that can for all atone,  
 And set me faultless there before the throne.



# Easter.

23 ST. GEORGE'S. 7s. 81.

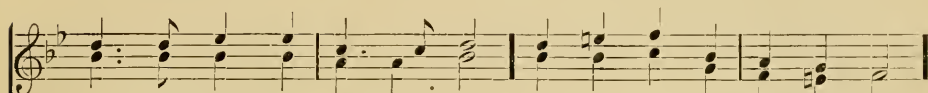
G. J. ELVEV. 1853.



1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,



Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow-ing from His pierc-ed side;



Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,



Gives His bod-y for the feast, Christ the Vic - tim, Christ the Priest. A - men.



2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,  
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
 Israel's hosts triumphant go  
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
 Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,  
 Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;  
 With sincerity and love  
 Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,  
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie:  
 Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
 Thou hast brought us life and light:  
 Now no more can death appall,  
 Now no more the grave enthrall;  
 Thou hast opened Paradise,  
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Latin. Tr. R. Campbell. 1850.

# Easter.

## 24 ASCENSION. 7s. 4 l., with Alleluia.

W. H. MONK. 1861.

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Un - to Christ, our heav'n - ly King, Al - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Who en - dur'd the cross and grave, Al - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia.  
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save, Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

3 But the pains which He endured,  
 Our salvation have procured;  
 Now above the sky He's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing  
 Alleluia!

4 Sing we to our God above  
 Praise eternal as His love;  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
 Alleluia!

# Easter.

25 ST. ALBINUS. 7s, 8s, with Alleluia.

H. J. GAUNTLETT. (1805—1876.)

(♩ = 84.)

1. Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no lon - ger,  
2. Je - sus lives! hence-forth is death But the gate of

death ap - pall us; Je - sus lives! by this we know  
life im - mor - tal; This shall calm our trem - bling breath,

Thou, O grave, canst not en - thrall us. } Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.  
When we pass its gloom-y por - tal. }

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
Naught from us His love shall sever;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given:  
May we go where He has gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia!

# Easter.

26 VICTORY. 8, 8, 8, with Alleluia.

Arr. from PALESTRINA. (1514-1594.)

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia! Al - - le -

lu - - ia! 1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done,

The vic - to - ry of life.. is won; The song of

tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - - ia! A - men.

- 2 The powers of death have done their worst, † He closed the yawning gates of hell,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed; The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;  
Let shouts of holy joy outburst, Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!
- 3 The three sad days are quickly sped. 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
He rises glorious from the dead; From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
All glory to our risen Head! That we may live and sing to Thee,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

# Thanksgiving.

27 DIX. 7s. 6l.

Arr. from C. KÜCHER. (1786—1872.)

1. Praise to . . God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;

Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy. Let Thy prai-e our tongues em - ploy;

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow. A - men.

2 All the plenty summer pours;  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss and public health,  
Knowledge with its glad'ning streams,  
Pure religion's holier beams:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.


4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,  
May we give Thee of our best;  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove;  
Singing thus through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise.

# Commencement.

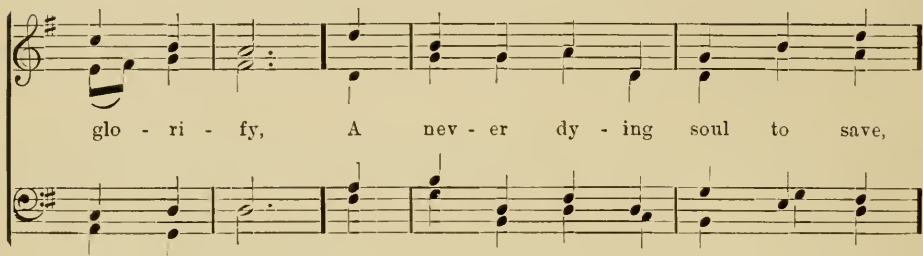
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ST. THOMAS. S. M.

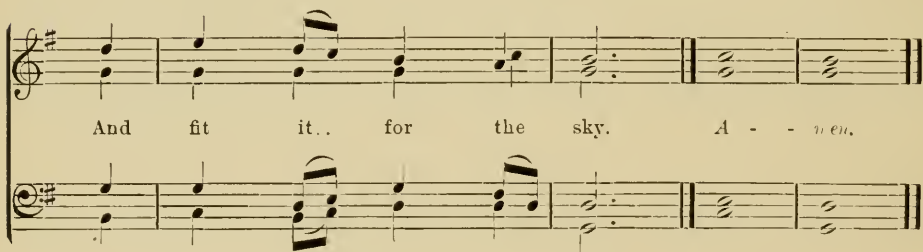
A. WILLIAMS, 1762.



1. A charge to keep I... have, A... God to..



glo - ri - fy, A nev - er dy - ing soul to save,



And fit it.. for the sky. A - - - - -

- 2 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfill;  
 Oh, may it all my powers engage  
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in Thy sight to live,  
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on Thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall forever die.

C. Wesley. 1762.

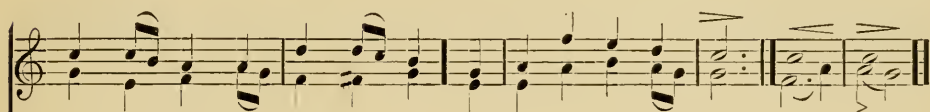
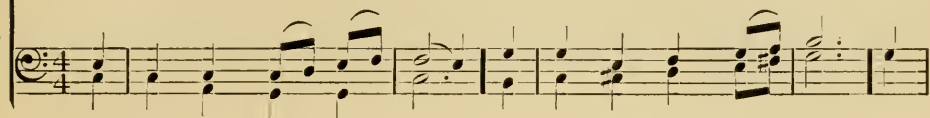
# Commencement.

29 CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

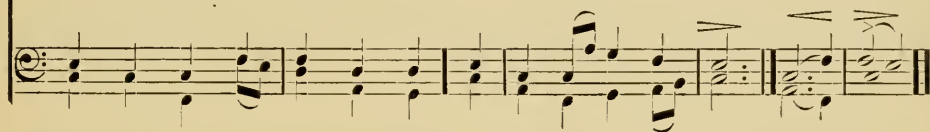
R. HARRISON. 1784.



1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be; All



that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A - men.



- 2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs for whom the shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

# Dedication of a Church.

30 VOGRICH. C. M.

MAX VOGRICH. (1852—).

*Lento macioso.*

1. O Thou, whose own... vast tem - ple stands, Built

o - ver earth and sea,..... Ac - cept the walls that

hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship Thee.... A - men.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,  
Within these walls t'abide,  
The peace that dwelleth without end,  
Serenely by Thy side!

3 May erring minds, that worship here,  
Be taught the better way;  
And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
And pure devotion rise,  
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm  
Of earth-born passion dies.



# Wedding.

31 BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON. 1832.

1. Blest be the tie... that binds Our hearts in

Chris - tian... love; The fel - - low - - ship of

kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A - men.

2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity,

# Wedding.

32

O PERFECT LOVE. 11s, 10s.

JOHN HYATT BREWER. (1856-).

1. O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought trans - cend - ing,

Low - ly we kneel in pray'r be - fore Thy Throne,....

That theirs may be.... the love which knows no end - ing,

Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join.... in one. A - men.

Whom Thou for ev - - - er - more dost join in one.

- 2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance  
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,  
With child-like trust that fears nor pain nor death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow :  
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,  
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
That dawns upon eternal love and life.
- 4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord who gave us,  
With full and perfect love, His only Son :  
Praise ye the Son who died Himself to save us ;  
Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in One.

# Wedding.

33

MATRIMONY. 7s, 6s.

JOHN HYATT BREWER. (1856—).

1. The voice... that breath'd o'er E - den,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The bass staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 3/4. The lyrics are: "1. The voice... that breath'd o'er E - den,"

That ear - - liest wed - - ding day,.....

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with lyrics: "That ear - - liest wed - - ding day,.....". The bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment.

The pri - - mal mar - - riage bless - ing,

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with lyrics: "The pri - - mal mar - - riage bless - ing,". The bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment.

It hath.. not pass'd a - way.... A - - men.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with lyrics: "It hath.. not pass'd a - way.... A - - men." The system ends with a double bar line. The bass staff provides harmonic accompaniment.

2 Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, holiest Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

J. Keble. 1857. 46.

# The Close of the Year.

34 CHALVEY. S. M. D.

L. G. HAYNE. 1868.

*(♩ = 92.)*

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And

we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb; Then,

O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; Oh,

wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

- 2 A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

- 4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that bright day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, Who lives  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

# The Close of the Year.

35 BENEVENTO. 7s. 81.

S. WEBBE. 1792.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hast - ed thro' the for - mer year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here.

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all... be - low;

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know. A - men.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise:  
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view:  
Bless Thy word to young and old;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Thee above.

# Burial of the Dead.

36 GOD'S ANGELS.\*\*\* 11s, 4s.

JOHN HYATT BREWER. (1856—).

\* *mp* *Andante con moto.*

1. With si-lence on - ly as their ben - e - dic - tion, God's an - gels come;  
 2. Not up - on us or ours the sol-emu an - gel Hath e - vil wrought;

*mp*

Where in the shad - ow of a great af - flic - tion The soul sits dumb.  
 The funeral an - them 'is a glad e - van - gel, The good die not.

Yet would we say'... what ev - 'ry heart ap - prov - eth, Our Fa - ther's  
 God calls our loved ones, .. but we lose not whol - ly What He hath

will:..... Call - ing to Him' the dear ones whom He lov - eth,  
 giv - en;.. They live on earth' in thought and deed as tru - ly

\* May be sung in B♭. \*\*\* Words used by permission and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

# Burial of the Dead.

Is mer - - cy still.....  
 As in..... His heaven... A - men. A - men.

or:  
*p*

## 37 HAWLEY. P. M.

C. B. HAWLEY.

*Moderato* *mf*

I heard a voice from heaven Say-ing un - to me: write!

(R. H. 8va lower.)

*Organ.* *mf*

From *mf*

hence-forth bless - ed are the dead, who die.. in the Lord: E - ven

*p*

# Burial of the Dead.

so... saith the Spir - it, E - ven so... saith the Spir - it;

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics underneath. The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in a minor key with a 2/4 time signature. The vocal line features a melodic phrase with a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

*f cresc.*  
For they rest,.. they... rest from their la - - bors;

*f cresc.*

*f*

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics underneath. The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment. The music continues from the first system. The vocal line has a fermata over the word 'rest'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *f cresc.* on the first two staves and *f* on the third and fourth staves.

*p*  
For they rest, they rest from their la - - bors.

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics underneath. The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment. The music concludes the phrase. The vocal line has a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *p* on the first two staves and *pp* on the third and fourth staves.



# Burial of the Dead.

38 REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. 1843. Arr.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none

ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose

Un - brok - en by the last of foes. A - men.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high!

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a bless'd sleep  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. M. Mackay. 1832.

# Burial of the Dead.

39

DULCE DOMUM. S. M. D. (First Tune.)

R. S. AMBROSE.

*Andante.*

1. One sweet-ly, sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
 2. Near - er the bound of... life Where bur - dens are laid down;  
 3. Clos - er and clos - er my steps Come to the dread a - bism:  
 (Last) Fa - ther, per - fect my trust; Strength-en my spir - it's faith;

Near - er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.  
 Near - er to leave the heav-y cross; Near - er to... gain the crown.  
 Clos - er Death to my lips Doth press the aw - ful chrim.  
 Nor let me stand, at last, a - lone Up - on the shore of death. *A - men.*

Near - er my Fa - ther's house Where the ma - ny man - sions be;  
 But, ly - ing dark - ly be - tween, Wind - ing down thro' the night, There  
 Ev'n now, perchance, my.. feet Are slip - ping on the.. brink, And

Near - er the great white throne,..... Near - er the crys - tal sea... *D. C.*  
 rolls the si - lent, un - known stream That leads.. at last to light... *al*  
 I, to - day, am near - er home,..... Near - er than now I think... *Fine.*

Miss P. Cary. 1852.

# Burial of the Dead.

LEOMINSTER. S. M. D. (Second Tune.)

ANON.

1. One sweet-ly sol- emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,— Near -

er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.

Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions be; Near -

er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea. A - men.

2 Nearer the bound of life  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;  
Nearer to gain the crown.  
But, lying dark between,  
Winding down through the night,  
There rolls the silent unknown stream  
That leads at last to light.

3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet  
Are slipping on the brink,  
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—  
Nearer than now I think.  
Father, perfect my trust;  
Strengthen my spirit's faith;  
Nor let me stand, at last, alone  
Upon the shore of death.

# National

40 AMERICA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

H. CAREY. 1743.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;

Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grim's pride,

From ev - ery mount - ain side Let free - dom ring! A - men.

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills;  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith. 1832.

# General.

41 STEPHANOS. 8, 5, 8, 3.

H. W. BAKER. 1861.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

“Come to . . . Me,” saith One, “and, com - ing, Be at . . . rest.” A - men.

BULLINGER. 8, 5, 8, 3.

(Second Tune.)

E. W. BULLINGER. 1877

1. Art . . . thou wea - ry, art . . . thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and, com - ing, Be . . . at rest.” A - men.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my guide ?

“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side.”

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,

That His brow adorns ?

“Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns.”

4 If I find Him, if I follow,

What His guerdon here ?

“Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last ?

“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past.”

6 If I ask Him to receive me,

Will He say me nay ?

“Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away.”

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,

Is He sure to bless ?

“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, Yes.”

# General.

42

HOLY SPIRIT. L. M.

C. B. HAWLEY (original).

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly... Dove,.. With light and

*mp*

com - fort.. from... a - bove;... Be Thou our guardian,  
Be Thou our guard - ian,

*f*

Thou our.. guide, O'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side. *A - men.*

- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
Fullness of joy for ever there;  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest.

# General.

43

WEBB. 7s, 6s. 81.

G. J. WEBB. 1837.

1. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier; Be - neath His ban - ner true;

The Lord Him - self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due;

His love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need;

He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed. A - men.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Fear not the secret foe;  
 Far more o'er thee are watching  
 Than human eyes can know.  
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain;  
 Cease not to watch and pray;  
 Heed not the treacherous voices  
 That lure thy soul astray

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Fear not the gathering night;  
 The Lord has been thy shelter;  
 The Lord will be thy light.  
 When morn His face revealeth,  
 Thy dangers all are past:  
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue  
 May keep thee to the last!

L. Tuttiert. 1861.

# For Those at Sea.

44

MELITA. L. M. 61.

J. B. DYKES. 1861.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the  
2. O Sav - iour, whose al - might - y word, The winds and waves sub -

rest - less wave. Who bidst the might - y o - cean deep  
mis - sive heard, Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep,

Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; Oh, hear us when we  
And calm a - mid its rage didst sleep; Oh, hear us when we

*p* *cresc.*

*p* *cresc.*

cry to Thee For those in per - il on... the sea.  
cry to Thee For those in per - il on... the sea. A - men.

*f*

*f*

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,  
And gavest light, and life, and peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour:  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,  
Thus ever let there rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.



# General.

45 VOX ANGELICA. 11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.

J. B. DYKES. 1868.

(♩ = 100.)

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing,

O'er earth's green fields, and o - cean's wave - beat shore;..  
 'Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;".

How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing  
 And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be.... no.... more.  
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads.. us.... home.

## General.

1-2. An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to

wel - come the pil - grims of the night, Sing - ing to  
Sing - - - ing

wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night. A - men.

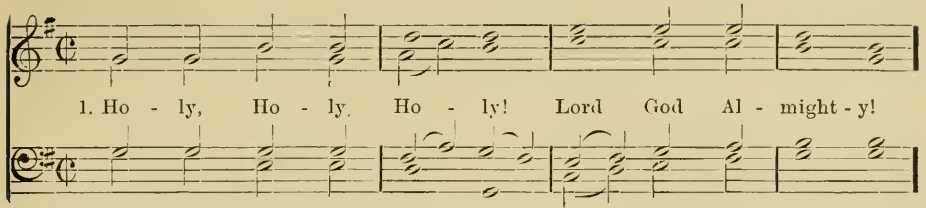
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
Angels of Jesus, etc.

# General.

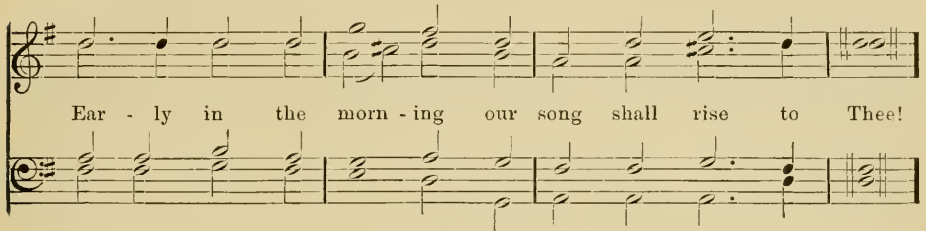
46

NICÆA. P. M. (11, 12, 12, 10, Irregular).

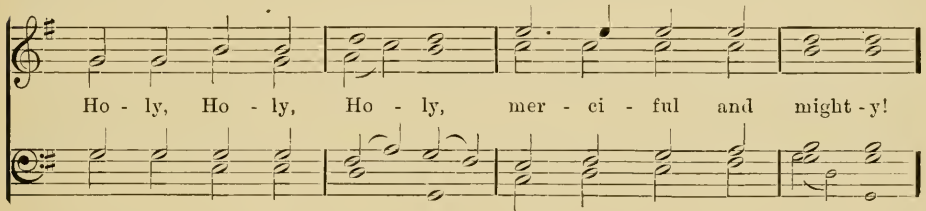
J. B. DYKES. 1861.



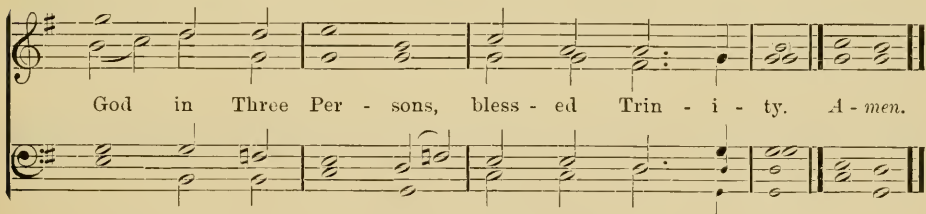
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee!



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!



God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:  
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

# General.

47

MARTYN. 7s. 8l.

S. B. MARSH. 1834.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed:  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cleanse from every sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee:  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

# General.

48

EWING. 7s, 6s. 81.

A. EWING. 1853.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest;  
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion, Sink heart and voice op - prest:  
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr - throng;

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there;  
The Prince is ev - er in... them, The day - light is se - rene:

*mf* What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! *p* A - men.  
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast.  
And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesu, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest!  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest!

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. 7>. J. M. Neale, 1831.

# General.

49

LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

J. B. DYKES. (1823—1876).

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom,.. Lead Thou me on;..

The night is dark, and I.. am far from home;..... Lead Thou me on!..

*cresc.*  
Keep Thou my.. feet;.. I... do not ask.. to.. see.....

*f* The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me... *p* A - men.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

# General.

50 OLIVET. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON. 1832.

(♩ = 80.)

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour! then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer. 1830.

# General.

51 BETHANY. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON. 1856.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross

Used by permission of Oliver Ditson Co.

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. 1841.



# General.

52 INTEGER VITÆ. 8, 8, 8, 6.

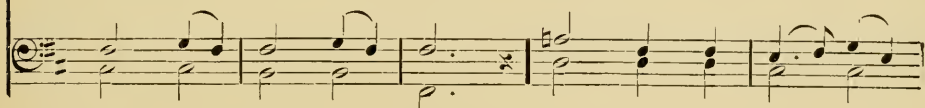
Arr. from F. F. FLEMMING. (1778—1813.)



1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, The faint, the  
2. Blest with com - mun - ion so.. di - vine, Take what Thou



weak, on Thee may lean; Help me, through-out... life's  
wilt, shall I re - pine, When, as the branch - os



vary - ing scene... By .. faith to cling to Thee. A - men.  
to... the vine... My.. soul may cling to Thee?



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 What though the world deceitful prove,<br/>And earthly friends and joys remove;<br/>With patient, uncomplaining love,<br/>Still would I cling to Thee.</p> | <p>5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,<br/>We ask not, need not aught beside;<br/>How safe, how calm, how satisfied,<br/>The souls that cling to Thee!</p>             |
| <p>4 Oft when I seem to tread alone<br/>Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,<br/>A voice of love, in gentle tone,<br/>Whispers, "Still cling to me."</p>   | <p>6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,<br/>Since Thou art near and strong to save,<br/>Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,<br/>Because they cling to Thee.</p> |

# General.

53

SARUM. 10, 10, 10, with Alleluia.

J. BARNBY. 1869.

1. For all the Saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thee by

faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus, be for -

ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of Light. Alleluia!
- 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

# General.

54

PARADISE. 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

J. BARNEY. 1866.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?  
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow - ing old;

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that love are blest?  
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold;

1-6 Where loy - al hearts and true..... Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly... sight? A - men.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 'Tis weary waiting here;  
 I long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel, to see Him near;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 I want to sin no more,  
 I want to be as pure on earth  
 As on Thy spotless shore;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 I greatly long to see  
 The special place my dearest Lord  
 Is destining for me;  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
 Oh, keep me in Thy love,  
 And guide me to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above,  
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

F. W. Faber. 1862. H. A. & M. 1869.

# General.

55

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. 81, with Refrain.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN. 1871.

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter

Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.

Refrain.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March - ing as to . . war,  
With the

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - men.  
cross of

# General.

2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise!—*Ref.*

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.—*Ref.*

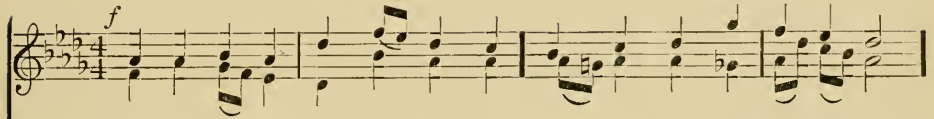
4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.—*Ref.*

5 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng!  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song!  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.—*Ref.*

S. Baring-Gould. 1865.

## 56 TRUST. 8s. 7s.

MENDELSSOHN. (1809—1847).



1. Saviour, source of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to grateful lays:  
2. Teach me some me - lo - dious meas - ure, Sung by rap - tured saints a - bove;



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise. *A - men.*  
Fill my soul with sa - cred pleasure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.



3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

R. Robinson. 1758. *All.*

# General.

57 AURELIA. 7, 6, 7, 6. 81.

Dr. S. S. WESLEY. 1864.

(♩ = 96)

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;

She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and the word:

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

2 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation,  
 One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;  
 One holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore oppress,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distrest;  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up "How long?"  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore;  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great Church victorious  
 Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won:  
 O happy ones and holy!  
 Lord, give us grace that we  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee.

# General.

58 AMSTERDAM. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

J. NARES [?]. 1742.



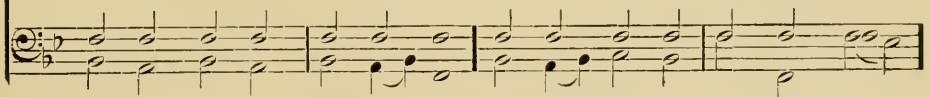
1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;  
2. Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn! Press on - ward to the prize;



Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, T'ward heav'n, thy des - tined place.  
Soon thy Sav - iour will re - turn To take thee to the skies:



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;  
There is.. ev - er - last - ing peace, Rest, en - dur - ing rest, in heav'n;



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - men.  
There will sor - row ev - er cease, And crowns of joy be giv'n.



# General.

59

LAUDES DOMINI. 6s.

J. BARNEY. 1868.

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, .. My heart a - wak - ing cries, ..

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r, ..

To Je - sus I re - pair; .. May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

- 2 When'er the sweet church bell  
Peals over hill and dell  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Oh, hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 3 My tongue shall never tire  
Of chanting with the choir,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!  
This song of sacred joy,  
It never seems to cloy,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 4 When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!  
When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 5 Does sadness fill my mind,  
A solace here I find,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!

- Or fades my earthly bliss,  
My comfort still is this,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 6 The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 7 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Let earth, and sea, and sky  
From depth to height reply,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!
- 8 Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle divine,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Be this the eternal song  
Through ages all along,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised!



# General.

60 TOPLADY. 7s. 6l.

T. HASTINGS. 1830.

1. Rock of a - ges. cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,  
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,  
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;  
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure; Save from wrath, and make me pure. A - men.  
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

A. M. Toplady. 1776. Alt. Cotterill. 1819.

(Latin Translation by W. E. Gladstone.)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, pro me perforatus<br/>         Condar intra Tuum latus<br/>         Tu, per lympham profluentem<br/>         Tu, per sanguinem tepentem<br/>         In peccata mi redunda<br/>         Tolle culpam, sordes munda.</p> | <p>3 Nil in manu mecum fero<br/>         Sed me versus Crucem gero<br/>         Vestimenta nudus oro<br/>         Opem debilis imploro<br/>         Fontem Christi quæro immundus<br/>         Nisi laves, moribundus.</p>       |
| <p>2 Coram Te nec justus forem<br/>         Quamvis tota vi laborem<br/>         Nec si fide nunquam cesso<br/>         Fletu stillans indefesso<br/>         Tibi soli tantum munus<br/>         Salva Tu, Salvator unus.</p>      | <p>4 Dum hos artus vita regit<br/>         Quando nox sepulchro tegit<br/>         Mortuos cum stare jubes<br/>         Sedens Index inter nubes<br/>         Jesus, pro me perforatus<br/>         Condar intra Tuum latus.</p> |

# General.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 61. (Second Tune.)

R. REDHEAD. 1853.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;  
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands, Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;  
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;  
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,  
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;  
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne;

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.  
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 Foul, I to the fountain fly: Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.  
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - men.

A. M. Toplady. 1776.

## 61 Tune—GETHSEMANE.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
 Turn not from His griefs away,  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
 View the Lord of life arraigned;  
 Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
 Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!  
 Shun not suffering, shame or loss,  
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,  
 There, adoring at His feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time,  
 God's own sacrifice complete;  
 "It is finished," hear the cry,  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb  
 Where they laid His breathless clay;  
 All is solitude and gloom,  
 Who hath taken Him away?  
 Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

# General.

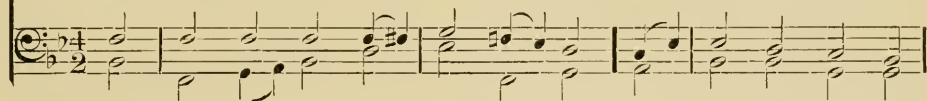
62

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8s, 7s.

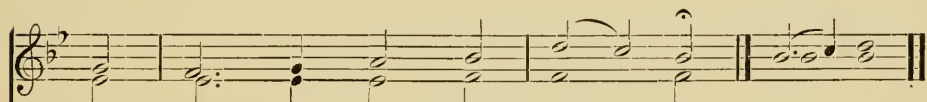
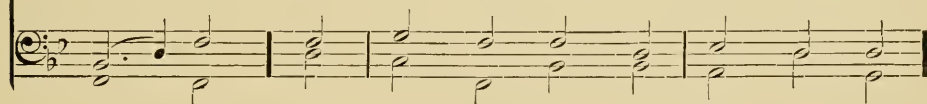
J. B. DYKES. 1868.



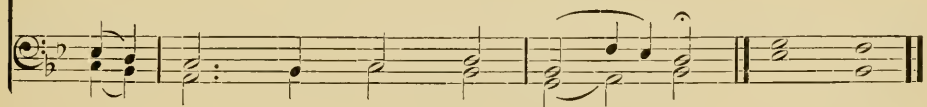
1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth  
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ran-somed soul He



nev-er; I noth-ing lack if I am His,  
lead-eth, And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow,



And He is mine for-ev-er. A-men.  
With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.



3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

6 And so through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never:  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house forever.

H. W. Baker. 1868.

# General.

63

ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

G. J. ELVEY (1816—1893).

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy

blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me

come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A - men.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

C. Elliott. 1836.

# General.

(Second Tune.)

JUST AS I AM. L. M.

C. B. HAWLEY.

1. Just as I am, with - out... one plea, But that Thy

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line, both in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a quarter note 'J' and a quarter note 'u' in the first measure, followed by a quarter note 's' and a quarter note 'a' in the second measure, and so on. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines.

blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a slight melisma on 'me' before moving to 'And that Thou bid'st me'. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with eighth notes.

come.... to Thee,... O Lamb of God, I come! A - men.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a long note on 'come!' followed by 'A - men.' The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a fermata. A small '(5-)' is written below the piano line at the end.

- 2 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

# General.

64 HARISON. 6s. 81.

J. STAINER. 1875.

*mf*

1. There is a bless - ed home.. Be - yond this land of woe,  
2. There is a land of peace,.. Good an - gels know it well;

*mf*

Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;  
Glad songs that nev - er cease With - in its port - als swell;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crowned,  
A - round its glo - rious throne Ten thou - sand saints a - dore

*f*

And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A - men.  
Christ, with the Fa - ther One, And Spir - it, ev - er - more.

3 O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died.  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side;  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won.  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe:  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. Baker. 1861.

# General.

65

PENITENCE. 6s, 5s. 81.

S. LANE. 1879.

*mp*

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;  
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee...  
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;..

When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call.....  
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,.....

*rall.*

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.  
Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross-crown'd Cal - va - ry.

3 Should Thy mercy send me  
Sorrow, toil, and woe;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below;  
Grant that I may never  
Fail Thy hand to see;  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain,  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again;  
On Thy truth relying,  
Through the mortal strife,  
Jesus, take me, dying,  
To eternal life.

J. Montgomery. 1834. Alt. Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring.

# General.

66 SARDIS. 8s. 7s.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Light of those whose drear - y dwell - ing, Bor - ders  
on the shades of death, Je - sus, now Thy -  
self re - veal - ing, Scat - ter ev - 'ry cloud be - neath. A - men.

- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing:  
Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears and cheering  
Every poor, benighted heart.
- 3 Come and manifest the favor  
God hath for our ransomed race;  
Come, Thou universal Saviour,  
Come and bring the gospel grace.

- 4 Save us in Thy great compassion,  
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins.
- 5 By Thine all-restoring merit,  
Every burdened soul release,  
Every weary, wandering spirit  
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

C. Wesley. 1774.

67 Tune—SARDIS.

- 1 Where the angel hosts adore Thee,  
Thou, O God, in heaven dost reign,  
At Thy word they rose around Thee,  
And Thy word doth them sustain.
- 2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending  
At Thy throne, their homage pay;  
Flames of fire in strength excelling,  
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.
- 3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,  
Thee they serve, their Lord and King;  
Grant that in our cares and dangers  
They may timely succor bring.
- 4 Praise to Thee Who hast created  
Earth and heaven with all their host;  
Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. B. de Santeuil. 1680. Tr. Isaac Williams. 1839.



# General.

68 MUNICH. 7s, 6s. 81.

J. H. C. STÖRL. 1710.

*mf*

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine,

*mf*

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky.  
And still that Light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.

We praise Thee for the ra - dian - ce That from the hal - low'd page,  
It is the gold - en cask - et Where gems of truth are stored,

*f*

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.  
It is the heav'n - drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world;  
It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of purest gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old:  
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

# General.

69 ABENDS. L. M.

Sir HERBERT STANLEY OAKELEY.

1. Where'er have trod Thy sacred feet, Teach us, O

Lord, Thy steps to trace, Where men in busy con - course

meet, Or in the lone - ly wil - der - ness. A - men.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,  
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,  
With Thee to bear our cross each day,  
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

3 Where'er Thou art may we remain;  
Where'er Thou goest may we go:

With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain;  
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

4 Oh, may we in each holy tide,  
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,  
Content if only by Thy side  
In life or death we still may be.

Anon.

70 Tune—ABENDS.

1 O Master, let me walk with Thee  
In lowly paths of service free;  
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear—  
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear, winning word of love;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee  
In closer, dearer company,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way,  
In peace that only Thou canst give,  
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. Gladden. 1880.

# General.

## 71 ALBANO. C. M.

VINCENT NOVELLO.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His  
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of

won - ders to per - form; He plants His foot - steps  
nev - er - fail - ing skill, He treas - ures up His

in the sea. And rides up - on the storm. A - men.  
bright de - signs, And works His sov - reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain:  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper. 1772.

## 72 Tune—ALBANO.

1 Lord, I believe; Thy power I own;  
Thy world I would obey;  
I wander comfortless and lone,  
When from Thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight;  
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,  
My faith is cold and weak:  
My weakness strengthen, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief:  
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;  
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

# General.

73 LEHIGH. C. M.

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY. 1897.

*Allegretto.*

1. My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,  
2. Be - fore the cross of Him who died, Be - hold, I pros - trate fall:

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. A - men.  
Let ev - ery sin be cru - ci - fied, And Christ be all in all.

- 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
And seal me for Thine own,  
That I may see Thy glorious face,  
And worship near Thy throne.
- 4 Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given;  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven.

M. Bridges. 1848.

74 LAFAYETTE. 7s, 5s.

H. W. NICHOLL. 5. 1843.

*p Cantabile.*

1. Thine are all the gifts, O God, Thine the brok - en bread;  
2. Let Thy chil - dren, by Thy grace, Give as they a - bound,

Let the nak - ed feet be shod, And the starv - ing fed. A - men.  
Till the poor have breathing-space, And the lost are found.

- 3 Wiser than the miser's hoards  
Is the giver's choice;  
Sweeter than the song of birds  
Is the thankful voice.
- 4 Welcome smiles on faces sad  
As the flowers of spring;  
Let the tender hearts be glad  
With the joy they bring.

# General.

## 75 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HÄNDEL.

*f*

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve; And press with  
*f*  
 vig - or.. on;.. A... heav'n - ly race de - mands Thy zeal,  
 And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. A - men.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high;  
 'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
 To thine uplifted eye:

- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre boast,  
 When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
 Shall blend in common dust. [gems]
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
 Have I my race begun;  
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
 I'll lay my honors down.

P. Doddridge. 1755.

## 76 Tune—CHRISTMAS.

- 1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my heart to Thee;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
 My sins lie heavily,  
 Thy pardon speak, new peace impart;  
 Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
 And ills I cannot flee,

- Oh, let my strength be as my day;  
 Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body see;  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
 Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 When, in the solemn hour of death,  
 I wait Thy just decree,  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
 Good Lord, remember me.

# General.

77 SILOAM. C. M.

H. F. HEMV.

*mf*

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the  
 2. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of

*mf*

lil - y grows; ... How sweet the breath, be - neath the  
 peace have trod, ..... Whose se - cret heart, with in - fluence

hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose! ..... A - men.  
 sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God .....

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay;  
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
 Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
 Within Thy Father's shrine,  
 Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,  
 Were all alike divine:
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek Thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still Thine own.

# General.

78 ST. BALDRED. 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. M. BELL.

1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy chil - dren gathered here,

May they all, Thy Name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear;

May they be like Jos - eph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;

And their faith, like Da - vid, proving, Steadfast un - to death en - dure. *A - men.*

2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness  
 Didst vouchsafe a child to be,  
 Guide their steps and help their weakness,  
 Bless and make them like to Thee.  
 Bear Thy lambs when they are weary  
 In Thine arms and at Thy breast;  
 Through life's desert, dry and dreary,  
 Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,  
 Holy Spirit from above;  
 Guide them, lead them, go before them,  
 Give them peace, and joy, and love:  
 Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,  
 May they with Thy presence shine,  
 And immortal bliss inherit,  
 And for evermore be Thine.

# General.

79

BERLIN. 10s.

MENDELSSOHN.

*mf*

1. As pants the.. wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs.

*mf*

That sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase,

*sf*

So pants my.. soul for Thee, great King of kings,

*sf*

So thirsts to.. reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing place. A - men.

- 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;  
 And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
 To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?  
 Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove:  
 Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;  
 Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.



# General.

80

SPOHR. C. M.

Arr. fr L. SPOHR. (1784—1859).

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed

in the chase, . . . So longs my soul, O God, for

Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace. . . . A - - men.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
O, when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine!

4 God of my strength, how long shall I,  
Like one forgotten, mourn.  
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed  
To my oppressor's scorn?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Trust God, who will employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still; and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is Thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady. 1696.

81

Tune—SPOHR.

1 I do not ask that life may be,  
O Lord, a pleasant road;  
Nor that Thou wouldest take from me,  
Aught of its weary load.

3 I do not ask to understand  
My cross, my way to see;  
Let me, in darkness, feel Thy hand,  
And simply follow Thee.

2 For one thing chiefly do I plead,  
Dear Lord, lead me aright; [bleed,  
Tho' strength should fail, and heart should  
Lead me through peace to light.

4 Joy is like day, but peace divine  
May rule the quiet night:  
Lead me, till perfect day shall shine,  
O Lord, through peace to light.

A. A. Procter.

# General.

82

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7.

MARTIN LUTHER. 1529.

1. A might-y for-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing,  
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;

Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.  
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it.. is He; Lord Sabaoth is His name,

And, armed with cru-el late, On earth is not his e-qual. A-men.  
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.

3 And though this world, with demons filled,  
Should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.  
The Prince of darkness grim,  
We tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo! his doom is sure:  
One little word shall fell him..

4 That word above all earthly powers,  
No thanks to them, abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through Him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill;  
God's truth abideth still,  
His Kingdom is for ever.

# General.

83 GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN. 1815.

1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be -

siege Thy tem - ple gates; All flesh shall to... Thy

throne re - pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal - va - tion there. A - men.

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:  
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,  
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,  
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;  
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,  
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;  
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;  
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,  
And Nature smiles, and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour:  
The moral waste within restore:  
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. Lyte. 1834.

84 Tune—GERMANY.

1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and Thee:  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?

Why should I cleave to things below,  
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

# General.

85 NUN DANKET. 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6.

J. CRÜGER. 1649.

*f*

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands and voice - es,

Who won-drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joice - es;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,  
The Father, now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With them in highest heaven,  
The One Eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

# General.

86 BENEDICTION (Ellers). 10s.

E. J. HOPKINS. 1867.

(♩ = 100.)

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our

part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee, ere our wor-ship cease,

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife:  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton. 1866.

# General.

87<sup>a</sup> PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.

1. Chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, As ye jour - ney,

sweet - ly sing; Sing our Sav - iour's wor - thy praise,

Glo - rious in His works and ways. A - men.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod :  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Zion's city is in sight :  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick. 1742.

87<sup>b</sup> Tune—PLEYEL'S HYMN.

- 1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise,  
All our times are in Thy hand,  
All events at Thy command.
- 2 He that formed us in the womb,  
He shall guide us to the tomb;  
All our ways shall ever be  
Ordered by His wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,  
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,  
All our pleasures, all our pains,  
Come, and end, as God ordains.
- 4 May we always own Thy hand,  
Still to Thee surrendered stand,  
Know that Thou art God alone,  
We and ours are all Thy own.

J. Ryland.

# General.

88 BREMEN. L. M. 61.

G. C. NEUMARK. 1657.

1. Leave God to or - der.. all thy ways, And hope in  
 2. On - ly.. thy rest - less.. heart keep still, And wait in

Him what - e'er be - tide; Thou'lt find Him in the e - vil.. days,  
 cheer - ful hope, con - tent To take what - e'er His gra - cious will,

Thine all - suf - fi - cient strength and guide. Who trusts in God's un -  
 His all - dis - cern - ing love hath sent; Nor doubt our in - most

chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move! A - men.  
 want's are known To Him who chose us for.. His own.

3 He knows when joyful hours are best,  
 He sends them as He sees it meet,  
 When thou hast borne the fiery test,  
 And now art freed from all deceit,  
 He comes to thee all unaware,  
 And makes thee own His loving care.

4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways;  
 But do thine own part faithfully.  
 Trust His rich promises of grace,  
 So shall they be fulfilled in thee.  
 God never yet forsook at need  
 The soul that trusted Him indeed.

G. C. Neumark. 1657. Tr. C. Winkworth. 1855. Ad.

General.

89

DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s. 81.

W. A. MOZART. (1756—1791.)

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Des - ti - tute, de - spis'd, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
 They have left my Saviour, too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me:  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;  
 Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!  
 Come disaster, scorn and pain!  
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure;  
 With Thy favor, loss is gain.

I have called Thee Abba, Father;  
 I have stayed my heart on Thee:  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
 All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While Thy love is left to me;  
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.



## General.

5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
 What a Father's smile is thine,  
 What a Saviour died to win thee :  
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte. 1825.

90

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NÄGELI. 1790.

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,

cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care. A - men.

2 Beneath His watchful eye  
 His saints securely dwell ;  
 That hand which bears creation up  
 Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
 Press down your weary mind ?

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
 And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
 Unchanged from day to day :  
 I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
 And bear a song away.

P. Doddridge. 1755.

91

Tune—DENNIS.

1 Still, still with Thee, my God,  
 I would desire to be :  
 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
 I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,  
 And calls me back to care,  
 Each day returning to begin  
 With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, when day is done,  
 And evening calms the mind ;  
 The setting, as the rising, sun  
 With Thee my heart would find.

4 With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
 Abiding I would be ;  
 By day, by night, in life, in death,  
 I would be still with Thee.

James D. Burns.

# General.

92

CORNELIA. 7s. 6s.

H. W. NICHOLL. 6. 1343.

*p* *Legatiss.*

1. In the hours of my dis - tress When tempt -

a - tions me op - press, And when I my sins.. con -

fess, Sweet Spir - it, com - fort me..... A - - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When the house doth sigh and weep,<br/>And the world is drowned in sleep,<br/>Yet mine eyes the watch to keep,<br/>Sweet Spirit, comfort me.</p> <p>3 When the passing bell doth toll,<br/>And the furies, in a shoal,<br/>Come to fright a parting soul,<br/>Sweet Spirit, comfort me.</p> <p>4 When the priest his last hath prayed,<br/>And I nod to what is said,<br/>'Cause my speech is now decayed,<br/>Sweet Spirit, comfort me.</p> | <p>5 When—God knows—I'm tossed about,<br/>Either with despair or doubt,<br/>Yet, before the glass be out,<br/>Sweet Spirit, comfort me.</p> <p>6 When the tempter me persueth<br/>With the sins of all my youth,<br/>And half damns me with untruth,<br/>Sweet Spirit, comfort me.</p> <p>7 When the Judgment is revealed,<br/>And that opened which was sealed,<br/>When to Thee I have appealed,<br/>Sweet Spirit, comfort me.</p> |
|---|--|

Robert Herrick. Cir. 1591.

93

MENDELSSOHN. 7s.

MENDELSSOHN. (1809-1847.)

*f.*

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;"

# General.

*p*

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"

*f*

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umphs of the skies;

With th'an - gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is . . born in Beth - le - hem!"

*ff* *ff*

Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King." A - men.

*Org. Ped.*

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb:  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
 Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
 Pleased as man with men to dwell;  
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!  
 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 "Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.  
 Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.  
 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 "Glory to the new-born King."

# General.

94 BRADFORD. C. M.

G. F. HÄNDEL, 1741.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives And

ev - er prays for me; A tok - en of His

love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty. A - - men.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;  
He brings salvation near;  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:  
What can withstand His will?  
The counsel of His grace in me  
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,  
Of Paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss  
And everlasting rest.

C. Wesley 1742. *Ab.*

95 Tune—BRADFORD.

1 The Lord will come and not be slow,  
His footsteps cannot err;  
Before Him righteousness shall go,  
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,  
Now joyfully are met;

Sweet peace and righteousness have  
And hand in hand are set. [kissed]

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
Shall bud and blossom then;  
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,  
Look down on mortal men.

General.

96

HENDON. 7s.

H. A. C. MALAN. 1827.

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs em - ploy, Still for Thee my pow'rs em - ploy. A - men.

- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,  
 Freely from Thy fullness give;  
 Till I close my earthly race,  
 May I prove it Christ to live.
- 3 When I touch the blessèd shore,  
 Back the closing waves shall roll;

- Death's dark stream shall nevermore  
 Part from Thee my ravished soul.
- 4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give  
 To the land of cloudless sky;  
 Having known it Christ to live,  
 Let me know it gain to die.

R. Warildaw. 1817.

97

Tune—HENDON.

- 1 Jesus, name of wondrous love,  
 Name all other names above!  
 Unto which must every knee  
 Bow in deep humility.
- 2 Jesus, name decreed of old,  
 To the maiden mother told,  
 Kneeling in her lowly cell,  
 By the angel Gabriel.
- 3 Jesus, name of priceless worth  
 To the fallen sons of earth.  
 For the promise that it gave,  
 "Jesus shall His people save."
- 4 Jesus, name of mercy mild,  
 Given to the holy Child,  
 When the cup of human woe  
 First He tasted here below.
- 5 Jesus, only name that's given  
 Under all the mighty heaven,  
 Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 6 Jesus, name of wondrous love,  
 Human name of God above:  
 Pleading only this we flee,  
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

# General.

## 98 CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

T. HAWES. (1733—1820.)

I Je - sus, I love Thy sa - cred name, 'Tis  
 mu - sic to... mine ear; Fain would.. I sound it  
 out.. so loud That earth and heav'n shall hear. A - men.

*Org. Ped.*

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport and my trust;  
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
 And gold in sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
 In Thee doth richly meet;  
 Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
 And sheds its fragrance there,—  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name  
 With my last laboring breath;  
 Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,  
 The antidote of death.

P. Doddridge. 1717.

## 99 Tune—CHESTERFIELD.

1 Father of mercies! in Thy word  
 What endless glory shines!  
 For ever be Thy name adored  
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,  
 Exhaustless riches find;  
 Riches above what earth can grant,  
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
 Spreads heavenly peace around;

And life and everlasting joys  
 Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
 My ever dear delight;  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
 Be Thou for ever near;  
 Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there.

# General.

## 100 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

E. MILLER. (1731—1807.)

1. When I . . . sur - vey the won - drous cross On

which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I

count but loss And pour con - tempt on all . . . my pride. A - men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I. Watts. 1707.

## 101 Tune—ROCKINGHAM.

1 It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

2 Yet ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain, and the noontide shade.

3 And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

4 But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again;  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

J. G. Whittier.

# General.

102

WALTERSDORF (Halle). L. M.

F. J. C. SCHNEIDER. 1829.

1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When

storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer.

our com-plaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid. A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled<br/>Down to the deep, and buried there,<br/>Convulsions shake the solid world—<br/>Our faith shall never yield to fear.</p> <p>3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;<br/>In sacred peace our souls abide;<br/>While every nation, every shore,<br/>Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.</p> <p>4 There is a stream whose gentle flow<br/>Supplies the city of our God,</p> | <p>Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,<br/>And watering our divine abode.</p> <p>5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,<br/>Our grief allays, our fear controls;<br/>Sweet peace Thy promises afford,<br/>And give new strength to fainting souls.</p> <p>6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,<br/>Secure against a threatening hour;<br/>Nor can her firm foundation move,<br/>Built on His truth, and armed with power.</p> |
|---|--|

I. Watts. 1719.

103

Tune—WALTERSDORF.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Soon may the last glad song arise,<br/>Through all the millions of the skies,<br/>That song of triumph, which records<br/>That all the earth is now the Lord's.</p> <p>2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be<br/>Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;</p> | <p>And over land, and stream, and main,<br/>Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.</p> <p>3 Oh, that the anthem now might swell,<br/>And host to host the triumph tell,<br/>That not one rebel heart remains,<br/>But over all the Saviour reigns.</p> |
|---|---|



# General.

104

ROTHWELL. L. M.

L. MASON. 1856.

1. High in the heav'ns, E - ter - nal God, Thy good - ness in full

glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro' ev - ery cloud That veils and

dark - ens Thy de - signs, That veils and dark - ens Thy de - signs. A - men.

- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!

The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

- 4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord;  
And in Thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in Thy word.

I. Watts. 1719.

105

Tune—ROTHWELL.

- 1 Triumphant Zion! lift Thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garment on,  
And let thy excellence be known;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.

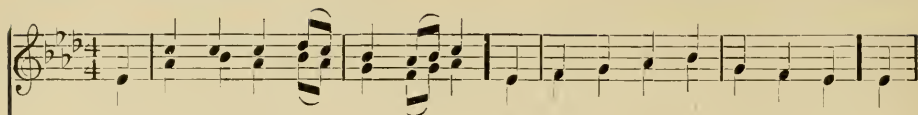
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread,  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,  
His hand thy ruins shall repair:  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

P. Doddridge. 1755.

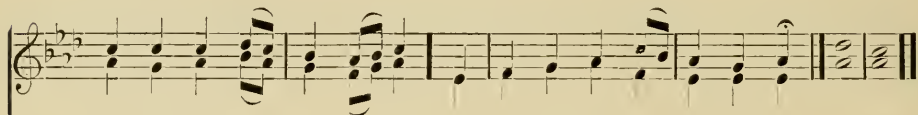
# General.

## 106 CANONBURY. L. M.

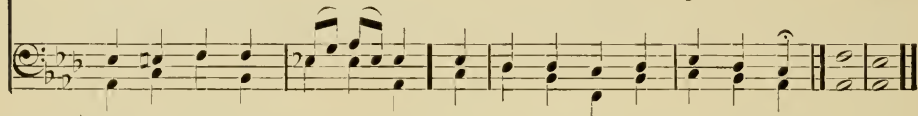
Arr. fr. R. SCHUMANN. (1810—1856.)



1. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I . . go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue, Thee,



on - ly Thee, re - solved to know In all I think, or . . speak, or do. A - men.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned<br/>Oh let me cheerfully fulfil:<br/>In all my works Thy presence find,<br/>And prove Thy good and perfect will.</p> <p>3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,<br/>And hide my simple heart above;<br/>Above the thorns of choking care,<br/>The gilded baits of worldly love.</p> <p>4 Thee may I set at my right hand,<br/>Whose eyes mine inmost substance<br/>see,</p> | <p>And labor on at Thy command,<br/>And offer all my works to Thee.</p> <p>5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,<br/>And every moment watch and pray;<br/>And still to things eternal look,<br/>And hasten to Thy glorious day:</p> <p>6 For Thee delightfully employ<br/>Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath<br/>given,<br/>And run my course with even joy,<br/>And closely walk with Thee to heaven.</p> |
|---|--|

C. Wesley. 1749. *Alt.* Verse 2, 1, 4.

## 107 Tune—CANONBURY.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres above,<br/>When angels touch the quivering string,<br/>And wake, to chant Emmanuel's love,<br/>Such strains as angel-lips can sing.</p> <p>2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,<br/>From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,<br/>When pardoned souls their raptures tell,<br/>And, grateful, hymn Emmanuel's praise.</p> <p>3 Jesus, Thy name our souls adore:<br/>We own the bond that makes us<br/>Thine;</p> | <p>And carnal joys that charmed before,<br/>For Thy dear sake we now resign.</p> <p>4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,<br/>Accept Thine offered grace to-day;<br/>Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,<br/>We bow, and give ourselves away.</p> <p>5 In Thee we trust—on Thee rely;<br/>Though we are feeble, Thou art<br/>strong:<br/>Oh, keep us till our spirits fly<br/>To join the bright immortal throng!</p> |
|--|---|

# General.

108

WARD. L. M.

OLD SCOTCH MELODY.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought is sweet; In that dear  
name all heart - joys meet; But oh, than hon - ey  
sweet-er far, The glimps - es of... His pres - ence are. A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,<br/>How good to them for sin that mourn!<br/>To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!<br/>But what art Thou to them that find?</p> <p>3 Jesus, Thou sweetness, pure, and blest,<br/>Truth's fountain, light of souls distressed,<br/>Surpassing all that heart requires,<br/>Exceeding all that soul desires!</p> | <p>4 No tongue of mortal can express,<br/>No letters write, its blessedness:<br/>Alone who hath Thee in his heart<br/>Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.</p> <p>5 We follow Jesus now, and raise<br/>The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,<br/>That He at last may make us meet<br/>With Him to gain the heavenly seat.</p> |
|---|--|

J. M. Neale. Tr.

109

Tune—WARD.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts,<br/>Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,<br/>From the best bliss that earth imparts<br/>We turn unfilled to Thee again.</p> <p>2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood:<br/>Thou savest those that on Thee call;<br/>To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,<br/>To them that find Thee, all in all!</p> <p>3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,<br/>And long to feast upon Thee still;</p> | <p>We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,<br/>And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.</p> <p>4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,<br/>Whene'er our changeful lot is cast;<br/>Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,<br/>Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.</p> <p>5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;<br/>Make all our moments calm and bright;<br/>Chase the dark night of sin away;<br/>Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.</p> |
|--|--|

# General.

110

MARTYRDOM (Avon). C. M.

H. WILSON. (1764—1824.)

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne And  
our con - fes - sions pour, Teach us to feel the  
sins we own And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see:  
True penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful hymns to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay  
And mount to Thee in praise.

- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
That is not wholly Thine.
- 5 May faith each meek petition fill  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle. 1802.

111

Tune—MARTYRDOM.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners, plunged beneath that  
flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

# General.

112

ST. STEPHEN (Nayland). C. M.

W. JONES. 1789.

1. Come, Thou de - sire of .. all Thy saints, Our  
 hum - ble.. strains at - tend, While with our prais - es  
 and.. com-plaints, Low.. at Thy feet we.. bend. A - men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 How should our songs, like those above,<br/>         With warm devotion rise!<br/>         How should our souls, on wings of love,<br/>         Mount upward to the skies!</p> <p>3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise<br/>         In us the heav'nly flame:<br/>         Then shall our lips resound Thy praise<br/>         Our hearts adore Thy name.</p> | <p>4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,<br/>         And fill Thy dwellings here,<br/>         Till life, and love, and joy divine<br/>         A heav'n on earth appear.</p> <p>5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,<br/>         Come, great Redeemer, come!<br/>         And bring the bright, the glorious day,<br/>         That calls Thy children home.</p> |
|--|---|

*Anne Steele. (1717-1778.) Ab.*

113

Tune—ST. STEPHEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 With joy we hail the sacred day<br/>         Which God hath called His own ;<br/>         With joy the summons we obey<br/>         To worship at His throne.</p> <p>2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !<br/>         As here Thy servants throng<br/>         To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,<br/>         And pour the choral song.</p> <p>3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell<br/>         Within Thy Church below ;</p> | <p>Make her in holiness excel,<br/>         With pure devotion glow.</p> <p>4 Let peace within her walls be found ;<br/>         Let all her sons unite<br/>         To spread with holy zeal around<br/>         Her clear and shining light.</p> <p>5 Great God, we hail the sacred day<br/>         Which Thou hast called Thine own ;<br/>         With joy the summons we obey<br/>         To worship at Thy throne.</p> |
|---|--|

# General.

114

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

ANON.

1. Our Father, who art in *heaven*, ..... hallowed be Thy name;  
 2. Give us this..... day our dai - ly... bread;  
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be *done* on..... earth, as it is in.. heaven;  
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we *forgive*..... them that tres-pass a - gainst us.  
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory; for- ever. A - men.

115

## GLORIA PATRI. Irregular.

GREATORSEX COLLECTION.

*mf*  
*p* Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost: As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men.

# General.

116

SIENNA. S. M.

J. H. DEANE.

1. Far from my heav'n - ly... home, Far from my  
 2. My spir - it home - ward turns, And fain would

Fa - ther's breast, Faint - ing, I cry, blest Spir - it,...  
 thith - er flee; My heart, O Si - on, droops and..

*Org. Ped.*

come, And speed me to... my... rest... A - men.  
 years, When I re - mem - ber.. Thee...

3 To Thee, to Thee I press,  
 A dark and toilsome road;  
 When shall I pass the wilderness,  
 And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:  
 On Thee thy hopes I cast:  
 Oh, guide me through the desert here,  
 And bring me home at last!

H. F. Lyte. 1834.

117

Tune—SIENNA.

1 My soul with patience waits  
 For Thee the living Lord;  
 My hopes are on Thy promise built,  
 Thy never-failing word.

2 My longing eyes look out  
 For Thy enlivening ray,  
 More duly than the morning watch  
 To spy the dawning day.

3 Let Israel trust in God;  
 No bounds His mercy knows;  
 The plenteous source and spring from  
 Eternal succor flows; [whence

4 Whose friendly streams to us  
 Supplies in want convey;  
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse  
 And wash our guilt away.

N. Tate & N. Brady. 1698.

# General.

118 O BONA PATRIA. 7s, 6s. 81.

W. K. WHEATLEY.

1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short - lived care;

The life that knows no end - ing. The tear - less life is there!

O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,

For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest! A - men.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure ;  
 Such pleasure as below  
 No human voice can utter,  
 No human heart can know ;  
 And after fleshly weakness,  
 And after this world's night,  
 And after storm and whirlwind,  
 Are calm, and joy, and light.

3 And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown ;  
 And He Whom now we trust in,  
 Shall then be seen and known,  
 And they that know and see Him,  
 Shall have Him for their own.



# General.

4 And now we watch and struggle,  
 And now we live in hope,  
 And Sion in her anguish,  
 With Babylon must cope :  
 But there is David's fountain,  
 And life in fullest glow :  
 And there the light is golden,  
 And milk and honey flow.

5 The morning shall awaken,  
 The shadows flee away,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day ;  
 For God our King and Portion,  
 In fullness of His grace,  
 We then shall see forever,  
 And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, 12th Cent. *T. J. M. Neale, 1858.*

119

ALMA. 11s, 10s.

S. WEBBE. 1792

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your

an - guish, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A - men.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;  
 Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing  
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

*T. Moore, 1816. All. V. 3. T. Hastings, 1832.*

# General.

120

ROTTERDAM. 7s, 6s. 81.

B. TOURS. 1875.

1. The world is ver - y e - vil; The times are wax - ing late;  
2. A - rise, a - rise, good Chris - tian, Let right to wrong suc - ceed;

Be so - ber, and keep vig - il, The Judge is at the gate;  
Let pen - i - ten - tial sor - row To heav'n - ly glad - ness lead:

The Judge who comes in mer - cy, The Judge who comes in might,  
To the home of fade - less splen - dor, Of flow'rs that bear no thorn,

To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A - men.  
Where they shall dwell as chil - dren Who here as ex - iles mourn;

3 'Mid power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
Where rests a peace untroubled,  
Peace holy and profound.  
O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure for all distrest!

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

Bernard of Cluny. 1145. Tr. J. M. Neale. 1858.

# General.

121

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7. JOS. KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, WITTENBERG. 1535.



1. Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - at - ed;  
2. The dead in Christ will first a - rise, And greet th'arch-an-gel's warn-ing,



The Judge of man-kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed;  
To meet the Sav - iour in the skies On this au - spi - cious morn-ing;



The trump - et sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -  
No gloom - y fears their souls dis - may; His pres - ence sheds e -



tained be - fore: Pre - pare, my soul, to meet.. Him. A - men.  
ter - nal day On those pre - pared to meet.. Him.



3 Far over space, to distant spheres,  
The lightnings are prevailing;  
Th'ungodly rise, and all their tears  
And sighs are unavailing;  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
They shake before the Judge's throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings.  
Repress thy flight too daring;  
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
The Judge my nature wearing.  
Beneath His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

B. Ringwaldt. 1565. Alt. W. B. Collyer. 1812.

(The above hymn and tune are often erroneously attributed to Luther.—The hymn is an imitation of the well-known Latin hymn "Dies irae, dies illa," by Thomas of Celano, who died c. 1255.)

# General.

122

PASSION CHORALE, No. 2. 7s, 6s, 8l.

H. L. HASSLER. (1564—1612)

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

O... sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, tho' de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A - men.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here, I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.  
My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside the cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

## General.

4 What language shall I borrow,  
To thank Thee, dearest friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Oh make me Thine forever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 And when I am departing,  
Oh, part not Thou from me;  
When mortal pangs are darting,  
Come, Lord, and set me free;

And when my heart must languish  
Amidst the final throe,  
Release me from mine anguish,  
By Thine own pain and woe.

6 Be near me when I'm dying,  
Oh, show Thy cross to me;  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux. 1100. Tr. P. Gerhardt. 1666.  
J. W. Alexander. 1830. *Ab.*

## 123 CASTLE RISING. C. M. D.

F. A. J. HERVEY. 1867.

1. The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crim-son of the

sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way: Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the

gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of right-eous-ness That set-teth nev-er-more... A - men.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint:  
Oh, for a heart that never sins,  
Oh, for a soul washed white,  
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness and peace,  
Beyond our best desire:  
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!  
Oh by Thy life laid down!  
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown!

# General.

124

ST. CECILIA. 6s.

Rev. Dr. HAYNE.

1. Thy king - dom come, O God! Thy rule, O Christ, be - gin!

Break with Thine i - ron rod The tyr - an - nies of sin! A - men.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,  
And purity, and love?  
When shall all hatred cease,  
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time  
That war shall be no more,  
Oppression, lust, and crime  
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
And come in Thy great might;  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
Arise, O morning Star,  
Arise, and never set.

Lewis Hensley. 1867.

125

ST. NICHOLAS. 10, 6, 10, 6.

C. C. Scholefield. (1839--.)

1. O Brightness of th'Im-mor-tal Father's face, Most ho - ly, heav'n-ly, blest,

Lord Je-sus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace Are vis - i - bly ex-pressed. A-men.

2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one  
The lamps of evening shine:  
Hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Ghost divine.

3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive  
Our hallowed praises, Lord:  
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,  
Through all the world adored.

General.

126

BEDFORD. C. M.

W. WHEALL. 1729.

1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; He...

makes me down to lie In pas - tures green; He

lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by. A - men.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'ten for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

- 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd  
In presence of my foes:  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

F. Rous. 1643.

127

Tune—BEDFORD.

- 1 I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,  
And all Thy ways adore:  
And ev'ry day I live, I seem  
To love Thee more and more.
- 2 When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to Thee.
- 3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,  
For all my cares are Thine;

- I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 4 He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.
- 5 Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will.

General.

128

DUNDEE. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER. 1564.

1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy

peo - ple still are fed; Who through this wea - ry

pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led! A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present<br/>Before Thy throne of grace;<br/>God of our fathers! be the God<br/>Of their succeeding race.</p> <p>3 Through each perplexing path of life<br/>Our wandering footsteps guide;<br/>Give us, each day, our daily bread,<br/>And raiment fit provide.</p> | <p>4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around<br/>Till all our wanderings cease,<br/>And at our Father's loved abode,<br/>Our souls arrive in peace.</p> <p>5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand<br/>Our humble prayers implore;<br/>And Thou shalt be our chosen God,<br/>Our portion evermore.</p> |
|---|---|

P. Doddridge. 1737.

129

Tune—DUNDEE.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need<br/>Thy heavenly succor give;<br/>Help us in thought, and word, and deed,<br/>Each hour on earth we live.</p> <p>2 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith<br/>More firmly to believe;<br/>For still, the more the servant bath,<br/>The more shall he receive.</p> <p>3 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,<br/>Imploing at Thy feet</p> | <p>The crumbs that from Thy table fall,<br/>'Tis all we dare entreat.</p> <p>4 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,<br/>So Thou wilt grant but this:<br/>The crumbs that from Thy table fall<br/>Are light, and life, and bliss.</p> <p>5 Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high;<br/>We know no help but Thee:<br/>Oh, help us so to live and die<br/>As Thine in heaven to be.</p> |
|--|--|



General.

130

MARLOW. C. M.

J. CHETHAM. 1718.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A

fol - lower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to

own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? A - men.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:  
Increase my courage, Lord;

- I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts. 1724.

131

Tune—MARLOW.

- 1 When cold our hearts, and far from Thee  
Our wandering spirits stray,  
And thoughts and lips move heavily,  
Lord, teach us how to pray.
- 2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,  
Too poor to turn away,  
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.
- 3 We know not how to seek Thy face  
Unless Thou lead the way;  
We have no words, unless Thy grace,  
Lord, teach us how to pray.
- 4 Here ev'ry thought and fond desire  
We on Thy altar lay,  
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

# General.

## 132 LONDON, NEW. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER. 1635.

1. I'm not a - shamed to own my Lord, Or

to de - fend His cause, Main - tain the hon - or

of His word, The glo - ry of His cross, A - men.

- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;  
His name is all my trust:  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure,

What I've committed to His hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

- 4 Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

1. Watts. 1709.

## 133 Tune—LONDON, NEW.

- 1 There is a safe and secret place  
Beneath the wings divine,  
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:  
Oh, be that refuge mine!
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,  
Uninjured and unawed;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,  
And aid with friendly arm;

And Satan, roaring for his prey,  
May hate, but cannot harm.

- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair  
Of love and truth divine;  
O child of God, O glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine!
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honored life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all!

# General.

134

ERNAN. L. M.

L. MASON. 1850.

1. Fight the good fight with all.. thy.. might, Christ is thy

strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and

it.. shall.. be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,

Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
Life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;

Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;  
He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1863.

135

Tune—ERNAN.

1 Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
The sun, that lights its shining folds,  
The cross, on which the Saviour died,

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign;  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls  
That sink and perish in the strife,  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
Our glory, only in the ercess;  
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.

# General.

## 136 LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON. 1830.

1. My.. soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The..

hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - men.

- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down:

- Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God!  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath. 1781.

## 137 Tune—LABAN.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;  
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 And duly shall appear  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

J. Montgomery. 1819.

## 138 Tune—LABAN.

- 1 O praise our God to-day,  
His constant mercy bless,  
Whose love hath helped us on our way,  
And granted us success.
- 2 His arm the strength imparts  
Our daily toil to bear;  
His grace alone inspires our hearts,  
Each other's load to share.

- 3 Oh, happiest work below,  
Earnest of joy above,  
To sweeten many a cup of woe,  
By deeds of holy love!
- 4 Lord, may it be our choice  
This blessed rule to keep,  
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
And weep with them that weep."

H. W. Baker. 1861. Ab.

# General.

139

THATCHER. S. M.

Arr. fr G. F. HÄNDEL. 1732.

1. Give to... the winds thy fears; Hope, and... be

not... dis-mayed; God hears thy sighs, and counts thy

tears; God shall lift up... thy head. Amen.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou His time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirit down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?  
Yet Heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne  
And ruleth all things well.

5 Let us, in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

P. Gerhardt, 1653. Tr. J. Wesley, 1739. Ab.

140

Tune—THATCHER.

1 Dear Lord and Master mine,  
Thy happy servant see;  
My Conqueror, with what joy divine  
Thy Captive clings to Thee.

2 I would not walk alone,  
But still with Thee, my God;  
At every step my blindness own,  
And ask of Thee the road.

3 The weakness I enjoy  
That casts me on Thy breast;

The conflicts that Thy strength employ  
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine,  
Still keep Thy servant true;  
My Guardian and my Guide divine,  
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

5 My Conqueror and my King,  
Still keep me in Thy train;  
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring,  
When Thou return'st to reign.

# General.

141 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT. 1848.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward,  
 Chris - tians, on - ward go;.. Fight the fight, main -  
 tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A - men.

- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
 March in heavenly armor clad;  
 Fight, nor think the battle long,  
 Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let no sorrow dim your eye,  
 Soon shall every tear be dry;

- Let not fears your course impede,  
 Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to battle move,  
 More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
 Though opposed by many a foe,  
 Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White. 1866.

142 Tune—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

- 1 Hark! my soul, it is the Lord,  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word:  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease towards the child she bare?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be;  
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above,  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done;  
 Partner of My Throne shalt be:  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is weak and faint;  
 Yet I love Thee and adore;  
 Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

General.

143

ST. ANNE. C. M.

W. CROFT. 1708.

1. Oh, where are kings and em - pires now, Of

old that went and.. came? But, Lord, Thy church is..

pray - ing yet, A thou - sand years the same. A - men.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong:  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy church, O God!

Though earthquake shocks are threaten-  
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

A. C. COXE. 1839.

144

Tune—ST. ANNE.

1 O God, unseen, yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel;  
And thus, inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine altar kneel.

2 Here may the faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love;  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heav'nly food:  
Our meat, the body of the Lord;  
Our drink, His precious blood.

4 Thus would we all Thy words obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

E. OSLER. 1836.

General.

145 ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. A. ARNE. 1762.

1. When I can read my ti - - tle clear To  
 man - sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to  
 ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. A - men.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And hellish darts be hurled,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall;

- May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all:
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

I. Watts. 1707.

146 Tune—ARLINGTON.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
 And wet their couch with tears;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came?  
 They, with united breath,
- Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;  
 His zeal inspired their breast:  
 And following their incarnate God,  
 Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
 For His own pattern given,  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Show the same path to heaven.

I. Watts. 1709



# Prayer and Praise.

147

SWEDEN. L. M.

HENRY HILES. Mus. Doc.

1. O Thou to whose all-searching sight The dark-ness shin-eth

as the.. light, Search, prove my heart; .. it pants for

Thee; Oh, burst these bonds, and set it ... free. A-men.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:  
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

N. L. Von Zinzendorf. 1721. Tr. J. Wesley. 1738.

148

Tune—SWEDEN.

1 All praise to Thee, eternal Lord,  
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;  
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,  
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,  
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

2 Once did the skies before Thee bow:  
A virgin's arms contain Thee now;  
Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,  
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night,  
To make us children of the light,  
To make us, in the realm divine,  
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.

3 A little child, Thou art our guest,  
That weary ones in Thee may rest:

5 All this for us Thy love hath done;  
By this to Thee our love is won:  
For this we tune our cheerful lays,  
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

# Prayer and Praise.

149 SELBY. C. M.

ALFRED J. EYRE.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A

heart from sin set free!.. A heart that's sprinkled

with the blood So freely shed for me. A - men.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean.  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above:  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley 1742.

150 Tune—SELBY.

1 Thou art the way, to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee,  
And he, who would the Father seek,  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy Word alone  
True wisdom can impart:  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb  
• Proclaims Thy conquering arm:  
And those, who put their trust in Thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that Way to know,  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane. 1824.

# Prayer and Praise.

## 151 OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

L. BOURGEOIS. 1551.

1. From all that dwell be - low... the skies, Let  
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord, And

the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise! Let the Re - deem - er's  
truth e - ter - nal is Thy word: Thy praise shall sound from

name be sung Through ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue. A - men.  
shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

(-6-)  
I. Watts. 1719.

## 152 Tune—OLD HUNDREDTH.

- 1 With one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before Him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that He is God alone,  
From Whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom He chooses for His own,  
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh, enter then His temple gate,  
Thence to His courts devoutly press;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still His Name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is forever sure:  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

Tate & Brady. 1698.

## 153 Tune—OLD HUNDREDTH.

- 1 Soon may the last glad song arise  
Through all the millions of the skies—  
That song of triumph which records  
That all the earth is now the Lord's!
- 2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be  
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!
- And, over land and stream and main,  
Wave Thou the scepter of Thy reign!
- 3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,  
Let host to host the triumph tell,  
That not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns!

# Prayer and Praise.

154 OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

L. BOURGEOIS. 1551.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise

Him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye

heav'nly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

T. Ken. 1709.

155 Tune—OLD HUNDREDTH.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 All people that on earth do dwell,<br/>Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:<br/>Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,<br/>Come ye before Him and rejoice.</p> | <p>3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,<br/>Approach with joy His courts unto:<br/>Praise, laud, and bless His name always,<br/>For it is seemly so to do.</p> |
| <p>2 Know that the Lord is God indeed:<br/>Without our aid He did us make:<br/>We are His flock, He doth us feed,<br/>And for His sheep He doth us take.</p>               | <p>4 For why? the Lord our God is good,<br/>His mercy is for ever sure;<br/>His truth at all times firmly stood,<br/>And shall from age to age endure.</p>        |
| <p>5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/>The God whom heaven and earth adore,<br/>From men and from the angel-host,<br/>Be praise and glory evermore.</p>                  |   |

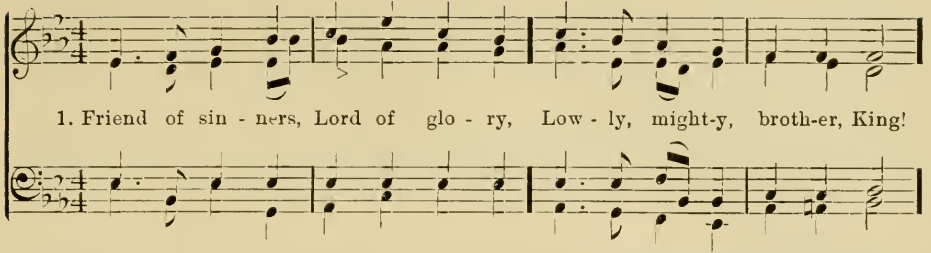
W. Kethe. 1561.

# Prayer and Praise.

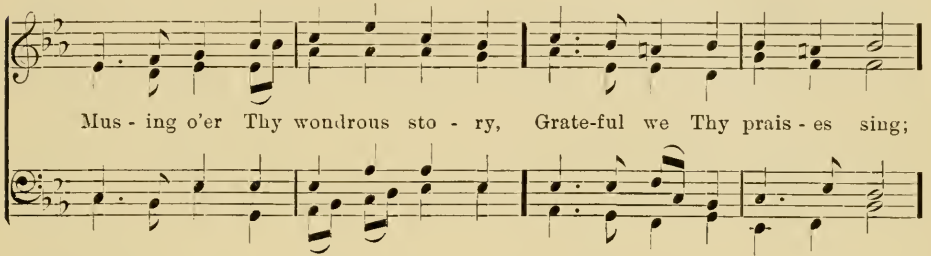
156

KNIGHTSBRIDGE. 8s, 7s. 81.

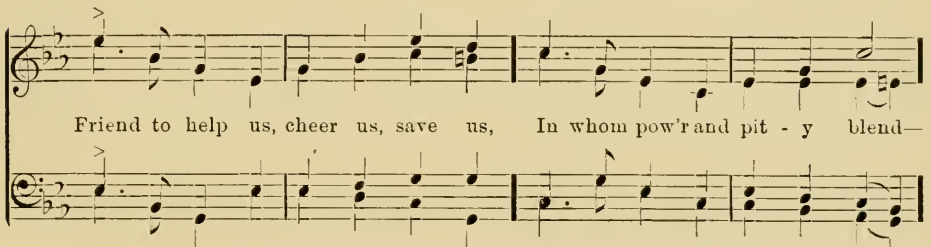
J. B. POWELL. 1855.



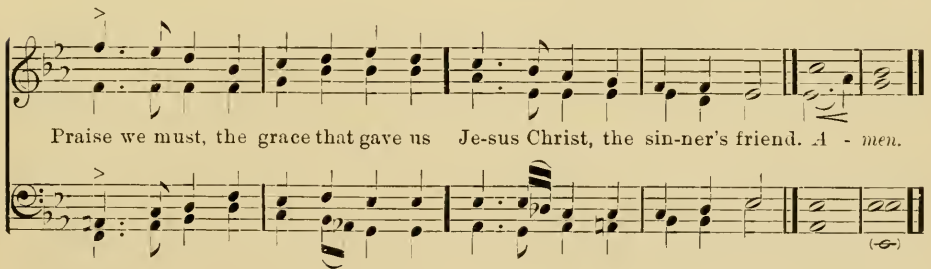
1. Friend of sin - ners, Lord of glo - ry, Low - ly, might-y, broth-er, King!



Mus - ing o'er Thy wondrous sto - ry, Grate-ful we Thy prais - es sing;



Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pit - y blend -



Praise we must, the grace that gave us Je - sus Christ, the sin-ner's friend. A - men.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,  
 Faithful, tender, constant, kind;  
 Friend who at all times receives us,  
 Friend who came the lost to find.  
 Sorrows soothing, joys enhancing,  
 Loving until life shall end;  
 Thence conferring bliss entrancing,  
 Still, in heaven, the sinners' friend.

3 Oh, to love and serve Thee better!  
 From all evil set us free;  
 Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;  
 Be each thought conformed to Thee:  
 Looking for Thy bright appearing,  
 May our spirits upward tend;  
 Till no longer doubting, fearing,  
 We behold the sinners' friend.

# Prayer and Praise.

157 INTERCESSION, NEW. 7s, 5s. 81, with Refrain.

W. H. CALLCOTT. 1867.  
Last 2 l. fr. MENDELSSOHN. 1846.

1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy good - ness flee; When the heav - y -  
2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod - i -

la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy  
gull looks back To his Father's love; When the proud man from his pride, Stoops to

Refrain.  
*p* *Espressivo*.

name shall call; When the sinner, seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall... Hear then in  
seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace: Hear, etc.

love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling - place on high. A - men.

3 When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend;  
When the sailor on the wave  
Bows the fervent knee;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee:  
*Ref.*--Hear then in love, etc.

4 When the child, with loving heart,  
Youth, or maiden fair;  
When the aged, trusting still,  
Seek Thy face in prayer;  
When the widow weeps to Thee,  
Sad and lone and low;  
When the orphan brings to Thee  
All his orphan woe:  
*Ref.*--Hear then in love, etc.

# Prayer and Praise.

158 NAOMI. C. M.

Arr. by L. Mason. 1836.

1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of... earth - ly bliss Thy

sov - 'reign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at Thy

throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: A - men.

2 Give me a calm, and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My path of life attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless its happy end.

A. Steele. 1760.

159 Tune—NAOMI

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry "Behold, he prays!"

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of the eye,  
When none but God is near.

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death:  
He enters heaven with prayer.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on High.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. Montgomery. 1818.

# Prayer and Praise.

160 RETREAT. L. M.

T HASTINGS 1842.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery  
swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a  
sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat. A - men.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all beside more sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend;

- Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle's wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down, our souls to  
greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell. 1828.

161 Tune—RETREAT.

- 1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:  
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.



# Prayer and Praise.

162

AYNHOE. S. M.

J. NARES. (1715—1783.)

1. Be - hold . the throne of grace! The prom - ise...

calls me . . . near; There Je - sus shows a smil - ing

face, And waits to an - swer pray'r. A - men.

- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
 Thou canst not be too bold;  
 Since His own blood for thee He spilt,  
 What else can He withhold?
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
 Thy presence and Thy love;

- I ask to serve Thee here below,  
 And reign with Thee above.
- 4 Teach me to live by faith;  
 Conform my will to Thine;  
 Let me victorious be in death,  
 And then in glory shine.

\* J. Newton. 1779.

163

Tune—AYNHOE.

- 1 Blest are the pure in heart,  
 For they shall see our God;  
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,  
 Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens,  
 Our life and peace to bring,  
 To dwell in lowliness with men,  
 Their pattern and their King,—

- 3 He to the lowly soul  
 Doth still Himself impart,  
 And for His dwelling and His throne  
 Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;  
 May ours this blessing be:  
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
 A temple meet for Thee.

J. Keble. 1819. Verses 2, 4 added. 1836.

# Prayer and Praise.

164

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. HÄNDEL, 1742, by L. MASON, 1836.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And  
And heav'n and na-ture

And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing. A-men.

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:<br/>Let men their songs employ,<br/>While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and<br/>Repeat the sounding joy, [plains,</p> <p>3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,<br/>Nor thorns infest the ground;</p> | <p>He comes to make His blessings flow<br/>Far as the curse is found.</p> <p>4 He rules the world with truth and grace,<br/>And makes the nations prove<br/>The glories of His righteousness,<br/>And wonders of His love.</p> |
|---|--|

J. Watts. 1719.

165

Tune—ANTIOCH.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I've found the pearl of greatest price,<br/>My heart doth sing for joy;<br/>And sing I must; for Christ is mine,<br/>Christ shall my song employ.</p> <p>2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;<br/>A Prophet full of light,<br/>My great High-Priest before the throne,<br/>My King of heavenly might.</p> <p>3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,<br/>And He the King of kings;</p> | <p>He is the Sun of righteousness,<br/>With healing in His wings.</p> <p>4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,<br/>For me He gave His blood;<br/>And as my wondrous Sacrifice,<br/>Offered Himself to God.</p> <p>5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,<br/>My Comfort and my Love,<br/>My Life below, and He shall be<br/>My Joy and Crown above.</p> |
|--|---|

# Prayer and Praise.

166 CREATION. L. M. D.

Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN. 1798.

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on.. high, With all.. the.. blue e -

the - real sky.. And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing.. frame, Their

great o - rig - i - nal.. pro - claim. Th'un-wea-ried sun from day to day,

Does his.. Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es... to

*Org. Ped.*

ev - ery land... The work of an... al - might - y hand. *ff* A - men.

## Prayer and Praise.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice:  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

J. Addison. 1712.

167

LYONS. 10, 10, 11, 11.

F. J. HAYDN. (1732--1809.)

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a - broad His

won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of Je - sus ex - tol;

*Org. Ped.*

His king - dom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all. A - men.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
And still He is nigh—His presence we have;  
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne,"  
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,  
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing for infinite Love.

# Prayer and Praise.

168

HANOVER. 10, 10, 11, 11.

W. CROFT (1678—1727.)

1. Oh, wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove; Oh, grateful-ly sing His  
 pow'r and His love; Our shield and de-fend-er, the Ancient of Days,  
 Pa-vil-ioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise. A-men.

- 2 Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace!  
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space.  
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,  
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
 Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,  
 Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,  
 And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.  
 Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!  
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!  
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
 With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

# Prayer and Praise.

169 ARIEL. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

MOZART. Arr. by L. MASON. 1836.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound  
the glo-ries forth, Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar, and touch the  
heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In  
notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath divine;

I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears.  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne;

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face:  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

# Prayer and Praise.

170

DULCE CARMEN. 8s, 7s. 6l.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Lead us, hea-v'nly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pes - tuous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:

Yet pos - sess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If . . our God our Fa - ther be. A - men.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us ;  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Long and dreary, faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy ;  
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edmeston. 1821.

171

Tune—DULCE CARMEN.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven ;  
To His feet thy tribute bring ;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Evermore His praises sing :  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress ;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide and swift to bless :  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us ;  
Well our feeble frame He knows ;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him !  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Saints triumphant bow before Him !  
Gathered in from every race.  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Praise with us the God of grace.

# Prayer and Praise.

172

ALFORD. P. M.

J. B. DYKES. Mus. Doc.

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,  
2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky!

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:  
What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph night!

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin: . . .  
Oh, day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made; . .

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. *A - men.*  
Oh, joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou - sand - fold re - paid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore:  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power, and reign:  
Appear, Desire of nations,  
Thine exiles long for home:  
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;  
Thy Prince and Saviour, come!



# Prayer and Praise.

173

BEECHER. 8s, 7s. 81.

J. ZUNDEL. (1815-1882.)

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,  
2. Breathe, oh breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery troubled breast;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.  
Let us all in - Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy promised rest;

Je - sus, Thou art all.. com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;..  
Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga.. be;..

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart. A - men.  
End of faith, as.. its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

(Solo voice.)

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly secured by Thee,  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

# Faith and Aspiration.

174

JUDEA. 11s.

J. B. DYKES. (1823—1876)

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath  
 said, Who un - to the Sav - iour for ref - uge have fled? A - men.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,  
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
 The dross to consume, and thy good to refine.
- 5 "Even down to old age all My people shall prove  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

# Faith and Aspiration.

175

PRINCE. L. M. 61.

Arr. fr. F. MENDELSSOHN. (1809—1847.)

1. Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no

tongue de - clare; Oh, knit my thank - ful heart to Thee,

And reign with - out a riv - al there. Thine whol - ly, Thine a -

lone, I am, Be Thou a - lone my con - stant flame. A - men.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;  
 Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,  
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown:  
 Strange fires far from my soul remove;  
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!  
 All pain before thy presence flies:  
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.  
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way:  
 What wondrous things Thy love hath  
 Still lead me, lest I go astray; [wrought!  
 Direct my word, inspire my thought;  
 And if I fall, soon may I hear  
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;  
 In weakness, be Thy love my power;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesus, in that dark final hour  
 Of death, be Thou my guide, and friend,  
 That I may love Thee without end.

# Faith and Aspiration.

176

BROWNELL. L. M. 61.

F. J. HAYDN. (1732-1809.)

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a  
shep-herd's care; His pres-ence shall my wants sup - ply And guard me  
with a... watch - ful eye; My noon - day walks He shall at - tend  
And all... my mid - night hours de - fend. A - men.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,

For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

# Faith and Aspiration.

177 ADORO. L. M. 61.

J. BARNEY. 1872.

1. Thou hidden source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient Love di - vine,

My help and ref - nge from my foes, Se - cure I am, if Thou art mine;

*Slower.*

And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name. A - men.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above;  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love;  
To me, with Thy dear name, are given  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The medicine of my broken heart,

In war, my peace, in loss, my gain,  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame, my glory and my crown;  
4 In want, my plentiful supply,  
In weakness, my almighty power,  
In bonds, my perfect liberty,  
My light in Satan's darkest hour,  
In grief, my joy unspeakable,—  
My life in death, my all in all.

C. Wesley. 1749.

178 Tune—ADORO.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height, 3 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows, To save me from low-thoughted care;  
I see from far Thy beauteous light, Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Hly I sigh for Thy repose: Through all its latent mazes there;  
My heart is pained, nor can it be Make me Thy duteous child, that I  
At rest till it finds rest in Thee. Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

2 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast brought 4 Each moment draw from earth away  
My mind to seek her peace in Thee; My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not, Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see: "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."  
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end, To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice  
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend! To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

# Faith and Aspiration.

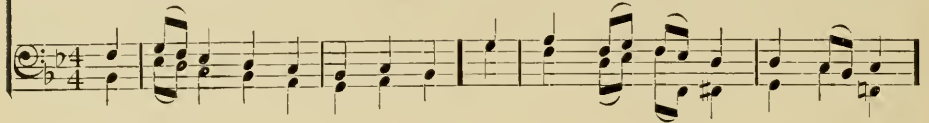
179

INNSBRÜCK. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

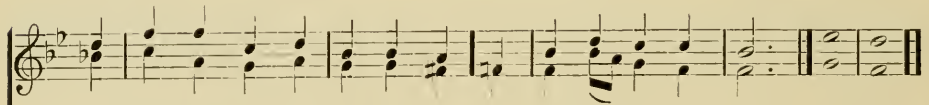
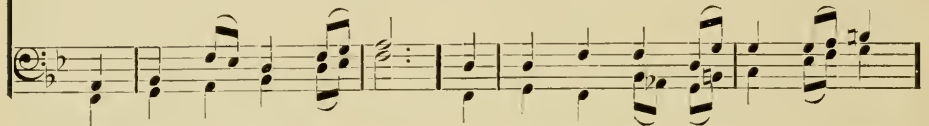
H. ISAAC, c. 1490.



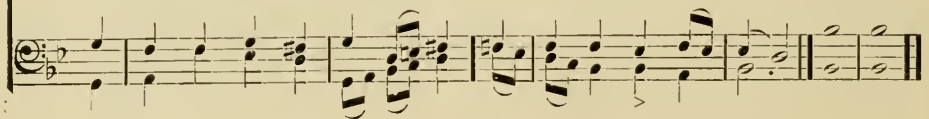
1. O Lord, how hap-py should we be If we could cast our care on Thee,



If.. we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a - bove



In per - fect wis - dom, per-fect love, Is.. work-ing for the best. A - men.



2 How far from this our daily life,  
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden wild alarms;  
Oh, could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thine Almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer;  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should:  
So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away;  
But birds and flowerets round us preach,  
All, all the present evil teach  
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make the faithless hearts of ours  
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;  
Make them from self to cease,  
Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before him lying still,  
E'en in affliction, peace.

# Faith and Aspiration.

180

HEINLEIN. 7s.

P. HEINLEIN. 1677.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour,

bend Thine ear; Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh;

Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear. A - men.

- 2 Father, save me from my sin;  
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;  
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;  
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.
- 3 Father, let me taste Thy love;  
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;

Spirit, come my heart to move;  
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou  
One Jehovah, shed abroad  
All Thy grace within me now;  
Be my Father and my God.

H. Bonar. 1843.

181

Tune—HEINLEIN.

- 1 Prince of Peace, control my will;  
Bid this struggling heart be still;  
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;  
Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou has bought me with Thy blood,  
Opened wide the gate to God.  
Peace I ask, but peace must be,  
Lord, in being one with Thee.

- 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,  
May Thy will and mine be one;  
Chase these doubtings from my heart,  
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

- 4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,  
Thou my life, my God, my all!  
Let Thy happy servant be  
One for evermore with Thee.

M. S. B. Shindler. 1853.

# Faith and Aspiration.

182

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBBE. 1790.

1. My gra - cious Lord, I own Thy right To  
 ev - 'ry serv - ice I can pay, And call it my su -  
 preme de - light To hear Thy die - tates, and o - bey. A - men.

2 What is my being but for Thee,  
 Its sure support, its noblest end,  
 Thine ever-smiling face to see,  
 And serve the cause of such a friend?

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
 To Him who for my ransom died;

Nor could the bowers of Eden give  
 Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
 When youthful vigor is no more;  
 And my last hour of life confess  
 His dying love, His saving power.

P. Doddridge. 1740.

183

Tune—MELCOMBE.

1 O spirit of the living God,  
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
 To preach the reconciling word;  
 Give power and unction from above,  
 When'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
 Confusion, order, in Thy path;

Souls without strength inspire with might,  
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations! far and nigh  
 The triumphs of the cross record;  
 The name of Jesus glorify,  
 Till every people call Him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed  
 All flesh shall His salvation see:  
 So be the Father's love fulfilled, [Thee,  
 The Saviour's suffering crowned thro'

J. Montgomery. 1825.



# The Ministry.

184 MORNINGTON. S. M.

EARL OF MORNINGTON. 1760.

1. Lord of the har - vest, hear Thy... need - y...

ser - vants' cry; An - - swer our faith's... ef -

fect - nal pray'r, And all our... wants sup - ply. A - men.

- 2 On Thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in Thy view:  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more  
Into Thy Church abroad,

- And let them speak Thy word of power,  
And workers with their God.
- 4 Oh, let them spread Thy name,  
Their mission fully prove:  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming love.

C. Wesley. 1742.

185 Tune—MORNINGTON.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice;  
How sweet their tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,  
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found.

- 4 How blessèd are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light;  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ:  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

I. Watts. 1707.

# The Ministry.

186

LISBON. S. M.

D. READ.

1. Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice.. wait,  
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold - en... flame;

Ob - serv - ant of His heav'nly word And watch - ful at His gate. A - men.  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight, For aw - ful is His name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;  
And, while we speak, He's near:  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

P. Doddridge. 1755. Ab.

187

QUEBEC. L. M.

H. BAKER. 1866.

1. Go la - bor on; spend and be spent, — Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;

It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the servant tread it still? A - men.

2 Go, labor on; enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
The willing heart to mark and cheer:  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

3 Go, labor on, while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hastening on.  
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!  
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

# The Ministry.

188

HOLLEY. L. M.

G. HEWS. 1835.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I... may.. speak In liv - ing  
 ech - oes.. of... Thy.. tone; As Thou hast sought, so  
 let me seek, Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone. A - men.

- 2 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand  
 Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
 I may stretch out a loving hand  
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 3 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
 The precious things Thou dost impart;  
 And wing my words, that they may reach  
 The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 4 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
 That I may speak with soothing power
- 5 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
 Until my very heart o'erflow  
 In kindling thought and glowing word,  
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
- 6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;  
 Until Thy blesséd face I see,  
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

F. R. Havergal. 1872.

189

Tune—HOLLEY.

- 1 Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord,  
 And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry  
 For all who preach Thy saving word,  
 And wait upon Thy ministry.
- 2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,  
 And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath  
 On those whom Thou dost call to feed  
 Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.
- 3 O Saviour, from Thy piercé hand  
 Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine:
- That those who in Thy presence stand  
 May do Thy will with love like Thine.
- 4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,  
 And give them grace to watch and pray;  
 That as they seek Thy flock to guide,  
 Themselves may keep the narrow way.
- 5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send  
 To shield them in their strife with sin;  
 Grant them, enduring to the end,  
 The crown of life at last to win.

# The Ministry.

190

TOULON. 10s.

THE GENEVA PSALTER. 1551. (L. BOURGEOIS)

1. God of the proph - ets, bless the prophets' sons; E - li - jah's

man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol - emn task may

claim but once; Make each one no - bler, stronger than the last. A - men.

- 2 Anoint them prophets; make their ears attend  
To Thy divinest speech: their hearts awake  
To human need; their lips make eloquent  
To assure the right, and every evil break.
- 3 Anoint them priests. Strong intercessors they  
For pardon, and for charity and peace.  
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,  
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!
- 4 Anoint them kings, aye kingly kings, O Lord;  
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son.  
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;  
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.
- 5 Make them apostles, heralds of Thy cross;  
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;  
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,  
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.
- 6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!  
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!  
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn,  
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

# Missions.

## 191 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. 1832. <sup>A. W.</sup>

1. Sov - 'reign of worlds, dis - play Thy pow'r; Be this Thy

Zi - on's fa - vored hour; Bid the bright morn - ing Star a -

rise, And point the na - tions to the skies. A - - men.

- 2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,  
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,  
On wilds and continents unknown,  
And make the nations all Thine own.
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice;  
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;  
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,  
And bid all nations hail the light.

B. H. Draper. 1803.

## 192 Tune—FEDERAL STREET.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made  
And endless praises crown His head;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the Sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peeculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

I. Watts. 1719.

# Missions.

193

ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

T. HASTINGS. 1830.

1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, Wel come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: Mourning cap-tive, God Himself will loose thy bands; Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands. A - men.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning,  
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
He Himself appears thy friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;

Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;  
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;  
For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
In thy Maker's favor blessed;  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest!

T. Kelly. 1806.

194

Tune - ZION.

1 Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, 3 Broad the shadow of our nation,  
Token of our coming Lord; Eager millions hither roam;  
O'er the earth the field is whit'ning; Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;  
Louder rings the Master's word: Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;  
Pray for reapers By Thy Spirit  
In the harvest of the Lord! Bring Thy ransomed people home.

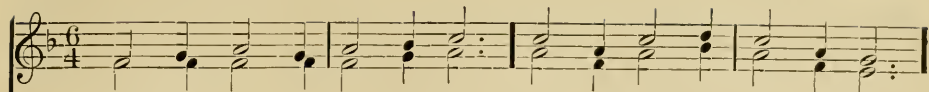
2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure, 4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
Breathe upon Thy chosen band, Soon the reaping time will come:  
And, with Pentecostal measure, Heaven and earth together keeping  
Send forth reapers o'er our land; God's eternal Harvest-Home.  
Faithful reapers Saints and angels  
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand. Shout the world's great Harvest-Home.

# Missions.

195

WATCHMAN. 7s. 8l.

L. MASON. 1850.



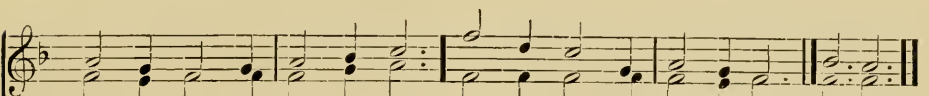
1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are.



Trav - ler, o'er yon mount-ain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing Star.



Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?



Trav-ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. A - men.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler, blessedness and light.  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler, ages are its own:  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease.  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come.

# Missions.

196

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C ZEUNER. 1839.

1. Ye Chris-tain her - alds, go pro - claim Sal - va - tion thro' Em -  
 man - uel's name; To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear,  
 And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there. A - men.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire.  
 With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,  
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
 And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
 Then we shall meet to part no more;  
 Meet, with the ransomed throne to fall,  
 And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

B. H. Draper. 1803.

197

Tune—MISSIONARY CHANT.

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;  
 Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;  
 His wondrous names and powers rehearse;  
 His honors shall enrich your verse.  
 2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;  
 How terrible is God in arms!

In Israel are His mercies known,  
 Israel is His peculiar throne.  
 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;  
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest;  
 When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
 God is the strength of every saint.

I. Watts. 1719.

198

Tune—MISSIONARY CHANT.

1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,  
 O God of mercy and of might!  
 In pity look on those who stray,  
 Benighted in this land of light.  
 2 In peopled valed, in lonely glen,  
 In crowded mart, by steam or sea,  
 How many of the sons of men  
 Hear not the message sent from Thee!  
 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call [old,  
 The thoughtless young, the hardened

A scattered, homeless flock, till all  
 Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.  
 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,  
 Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,  
 To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
 And bind and heal the broken heart.  
 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene  
 That makes us sadden as we gaze,  
 Shall grow with living waters green,  
 And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant. 1859.



# Missions

199

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH. c. 1770.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your  
ar - mor.. on; Strong in the strength which God.. sup -  
plies, Thro' His..... e - ter - nal Son. A - men.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

C. Wesley 1742. Ab.

200

Tune—SILVER STREET.

1 Dear Saviour, we are Thine,  
By everlasting bands;  
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;  
Our souls are in Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave  
With ever-growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
They never shall prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to Thee, our head;

Shall form in us Thine image bright,  
That we Thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay;  
But love shall keep us near Thy side,  
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,  
He'll fix His members there.

# Missions.

201

MISSIONARY HYMN. 8s, 7s. 81.

L. MASON. 1823.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount-ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,

Where Af - rie's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!  
Thy joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nation  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

R. Heber. 1819.

# Missions.

202

MOSCOW. 10s.

A. F. LWOFF. 1833.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, . . . im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy

tow - ring head and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its spar - kling por - tals wide dis -

play, And break up - on thee in . . . a flood of . . . day. A - men.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay.  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

LIBRARY OF PRINCE  
JAN 25

## Occasional.

203

STUTT GART. 8s, 7s.

"PSALMODIA SACRA." Gotha 1715.

1. Come, Thou fount of every blessing. Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Amen.

- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure;  
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;

- He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed with precious blood.
- 5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. Robinson. 1758.

204

Tune—STUTT GART.

- 1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,  
Rest beneath th'Almighty's shade;  
In His secret habitation  
Dwell, and never be dismayed.
- 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.
- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of His protection  
He will shield thee from above.
- 4 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
He will hearken, He will save;  
Here for grief reward thee double,  
Crown with life beyond the grave.

# Occasional.

205

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

I. CONKEY. 1851.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring  
o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred  
sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me:  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring. 1825.

206

Tune—RATHBUN.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I rest, for ever viewing  
Mercy's stream in streams of blood;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,  
Low before His Cross to lie,

While I see divine compassion  
Pleading in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze:  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—  
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation  
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,  
Till I taste Thy full salvation,  
And Thine unveiled glories see.

# Occasional.

207

REPOSE. 7s. 6l.

KÜCKEN.

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a - ble and mild,

Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a.. wean - ed child,

From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleas'd with all that pleas - es Thee. A - men.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive :  
 What to-morrow may betide  
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :  
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;  
 Why should I the burden bear ?

3 As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own,  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
 Fears to stir a step alone :  
 Let me thus with Thee abide,  
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

J. Newton. 1779.

208

Tune—REPOSE.

1 Now, O God, Thine own I am !  
 Now I give Thee back Thine own :  
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
 Consecrate to Thee alone :  
 Thine I live, thrice happy I !  
 Happier still if Thine I die.

2 Take me, Lord, with all my powers ;  
 Take my mind, and heart, and will ;  
 All my goods, and all my hours,  
 All I know, and all I feel,  
 All I think, or speak, or do—  
 Take my soul and make it new !

Anon.

Occasional.

209

TRURO. L. M.

BURNEY. 1789.

1. O Thou to whom, in an - cient time, The lyre of

He - brew bards was strung, Whom kings a - dored in

song sub - lime, And proph - ets prais'd with flow - ing tongue! A - men.

2 Not now on Zion's height alone  
The favored worshiper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,  
The graceful song, the fervent prayer,

The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,  
To Thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

John Pierpont.

210

Tune—TRURO.

1 My God, how endless is Thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;

Thy sovereign word restores the light  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,  
To Thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

I. Watts. 1799.

# Occasional.

211

WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY, 1800.

1. Lord, in... the.. morn - ing Thou shalt hear My

voice as - cend - ing.. high; To Thee will I di -

rect my.. prayer, To Thee lift.. up mine eye:— A - men.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all His saints,  
Presenting at His Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,  
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,  
To taste Thy mercies there;  
I will frequent Thy holy court,  
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness!  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

I. Watts. 1719.

212

Tune—WARWICK.

1 How sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin—how deep it stains!  
And Satan holds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust a pardoning Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord:  
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Saviour and my All.

I. Watts. 1719.



# Occasional.

113 AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. 8l.

L. VON ESCH. cir. 1810.

1. Might-y God! while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal lisp Thy name?..  
 2. For the grandeur of Thy na - ture, Grand be-yond a ser-aph's thought;

Lord of men, as well as an - gels! Thou art ev - ery creature's theme:  
 For the wonders of cre - a - tion, Works with skill and kindness wrought;

Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion! An - cient of . . . e - ter - nal days!  
 For Thy prov - i - dence, that gov - erns Thro' Thine em - pire's wide do - main,

Sounded thro'the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and endless praise. *A - men.*  
 Wings an an - gel, guides a sparrow, Bless-ed be Thy gen - tle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,  
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—  
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,—  
 Who can sing that wondrous song?  
 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?  
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!  
 Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory  
 To the cross of deepest woe,  
 Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;  
 Flow my praise, for ever flow.  
 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,  
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:  
 Thence return, and reign for ever:  
 Be the kingdom all Thine own!

# Occasional.

214

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN. (1770—1827.)

1. God, in the Gos - pel of . . . His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun-sels known;

'Tis here His rich - est mer - cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. A - men.

2 Here, sinners of a humble frame  
May taste His grace, and learn His name;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;  
The weary rest from all his pains;  
The captive feel his bondage cease,  
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,  
A brighter world beyond the skies;  
Here, shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord!  
To read and mark Thy Holy Word,  
Its truths with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

B. Beddome. 1787. *Alt.* T. Cotterill. 1819.

215

Tune—BEETHOVEN.

1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,  
"If thou wouldst My disciple be;  
Take up thy cross with willing heart  
And humbly follow after Me."

2 Take up thy cross: let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;  
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. Everest. 1833.

216

AVISON. 11, 11, 12, 11, with Refrain.

C. AVISON. (1710—1770.)

Refrain

Shout the glad ti-dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; . . . Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-

# Occasional.

si-ah is King. 1. Zi-on, the mar-vel-ous sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the

High-est, how low-ly His birth: The brightest arch-an-gel in glo-ry ex-cel-ling, He

*Repeat 1st Refrain. After last verse.*

stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing; . . . . .

Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King. A - men.

- 2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:  
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.—*Ref.*
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet, let the glad some hosanna arise:  
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.—*Ref.*

## Occasional.

217

WINCHESTER, OLD. C. M.

ESTE'S PSALTER. 1592.

1. The God of peace, who from the dead Brought up a - gain our Lord,

And, thro' the cov'nant of His blood, Our souls to peace re - stored. A - men.

2 Confirm our hearts in each good work,  
To do His perfect will;  
That, made well pleasing in His sight,  
Our course with joy we fill.

3 So shall we, in His heavenly courts,  
Hereafter, ever live;  
And to His name, thro' Jesus Christ,  
Eternal glory give.

Eleazar Thompson Fitch.

218

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON. 1829.

1. O God, by whom the seed is giv'n, By whom the har - vest blest;

Whose word, like manna show'r'd from heav'n, Is plant-ed in our breast. A - men.

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air,  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And thorns of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,  
Do Thou Thy grace supply:  
The hope in earthly furrows sown  
Shall ripen in the sky!

R. Heber. 1827.

# Occasional.

219

LISCHER. H. M.

Arr. by L. MASON 1850.

1. Wel-come, delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I hail thy kind re-

turn. Lord, make these moments blest: From the low train of.. mor-tal toys, I

soar to reach immortal joys, I.. soar.. to reach im-mor-tal joys. *A-men.*

2 Now may the King descend  
 And fill His throne of grace;  
 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,  
 While saints address Thy face:  
 Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,  
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers;  
 Disclose a Saviour's love,  
 And bless these sacred hours:  
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Hayward. (In J. Dobell's Coll. 1806.)

220

Tune--LISCHER.

1 We give immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love,  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And all our hopes above:  
 He sent His own Eternal Son  
 To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who saved us by His blood

From everlasting woe:  
 And now He lives, and now He reigns  
 And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise  
 And endless worship give,  
 Whose new-creating power  
 Makes the dead sinner live:  
 His work completes the great design,  
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

# Occasional.

## 221 INNOCENTS. 7s.

OLD FRENCH MELODY.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with  
al - le - lu - ia's rang When Je - ho - vah's  
work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Songs of praise awoke the morn<br/>When the Prince of Peace was born;<br/>Songs of praise arose when He<br/>Captive led captivity.</p> <p>3 Heaven and earth must pass away;<br/>Songs of praise shall crown that day:<br/>God will make new heavens and earth;<br/>Songs of praise shall hail their birth.</p> <p>4 And can man alone be dumb,<br/>Till that glorious kingdom come?</p> | <p>No; the church delights to raise<br/>Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.</p> <p>5 Saints below, with heart and voice,<br/>Still in songs of praise rejoice,<br/>Learning here, by faith and love,<br/>Songs of praise to sing above.</p> <p>6 Borne upon their latest breath,<br/>Songs of praise shall conquer death;<br/>Then amidst eternal joy,<br/>Songs of praise their powers employ.</p> |
|---|---|

J. Montgomery. 1829.

## 222 Tune--INNOCENTS.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Bright and joyful is the morn,<br/>For to us a child is born:<br/>From the highest realms of heaven,<br/>Unto us a son is given.</p> <p>2 Wonderful in counsel He,<br/>The incarnate Deity;<br/>Sire of ages ne'er to cease,<br/>King of kings, and Prince of Peace.</p> | <p>3 Come and worship at His feet,<br/>Yield to Christ the homage meet:<br/>From His manger to His throne,<br/>Homage due to God alone.</p> <p>4 Glory be to God on high!<br/>Earth, uplift the joyful cry;<br/>Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,<br/>Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> |
|---|--|

# Occasional.

223

MENDEBRAS. 7s, 6s. 81.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. O... Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing      Out - side the fast - clos'd door,

In.. low - ly pa - tience wait - ing      To.. pass the thresh - old o'er:

Shame on us, Chris - tian.. broth - ers,      His Name and sign who bear:

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us,      To keep Him stand - ing there!      A - men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:  
 And lo! that hand is scarred,  
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
 And tears Thy face have marred:  
 O love that passeth knowledge,  
 So patiently to wait!  
 O sin that hath no equal,  
 So fast to bar the gate?

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
 In accents meek and low,  
 "I died for you, My children,  
 And will ye treat Me so?"  
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
 We open now the door:  
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
 And leave us nevermore.

## Occasional.

224 ST. JOHN. H. M.

G. F. HÄNDEL. 1741.

1. O Thou that hear-est pray'r, At - tend our hum-ble cry; And let Thy  
 ser - vants share Thy bless-ing from on high: We plead the prom - ise  
 of Thy word; Grant us Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord! A - men.

2 If earthly parents hear  
 Their children when they cry;  
 If they, with love sincere,  
 Their children's wants supply;  
 Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,  
 And answer when Thy children pray.

3 Our Heavenly Father Thou;  
 We, children of Thy grace;  
 O let Thy Spirit now

Descend, and fill the place;  
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,  
 And all unite to praise Thy name.

4 O send Thy Spirit down  
 On all the nations, Lord,  
 With great success to crown  
 The preaching of Thy word;  
 Till heathen lands may own Thy sway,  
 And cast their idol-gods away.

John Burton. Died 1877.

225 Tune—ST. JOHN.

1 One sole baptismal sign,  
 One Lord below, above,  
 One faith, one hope divine,  
 One only watchword, love;  
 From different temples though it rise,  
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one;  
 One Priest before the throne,  
 The slain, the risen Son,

Redeemer, Lord alone;  
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring  
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath,  
 The catholic, the true,  
 On all her members breathe,  
 Her broken frame renew;  
 Then shall thy perfect will be done  
 When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson. 1842.



# Occasional.

226

WILMOT. 8s, 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER. 1826.



1. Praise the... Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore Him; Praise Him,  
 an - gels, in... the.. height; Sun and moon, re -  
 joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light. A - men.

2 Praise the Lord—for He hath spoken;  
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;  
 Laws which never shall be broken,  
 For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for He is glorious;  
 Never shall His promise fail;

God hath made His saints victorious,  
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,  
 Host on high His power proclaim;  
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
 Laud and magnify His name!

Foundling Chapel Coll. 1796.

227

Tune—WILMOT.

1 Hail! Thon source of every blessing,  
 Sov'reign Father of mankind,  
 Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,  
 In Thy courts admission find.

2 Grateful now we fall before Thee  
 In Thy Church obtain a place;  
 Now by faith behold Thy glory,  
 Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

3 Once far off, but now invited,  
 We approach Thy sacred throne;  
 In Thy covenant united  
 Reconciled, redeemed, made one.

4 Now revealed to eastern sages,  
 See the star of mercy shine,  
 Mystery hid in former ages,  
 Mystery great of love divine.

5 Hail! Thon all-inviting Saviour;  
 Gentiles now their offerings bring,  
 In Thy temple seek Thy favor,  
 Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.

6 May we, body, soul, and spirit,  
 Live devoted to Thy praise,  
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,  
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

# Occasional.

228

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON. c. 1790.

1. O God, be - neath Thy.. guid - ing.. hand, Our ex - iled  
fa - thers crossed the.. sea, And when they trod the..  
win - try.... strand, With pray'r and psalm.. they worship'd Thee. A - men.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer,—

Thy blessing came; and still its power  
Shall onward, through all ages, bear  
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

And where their pilgrim feet have trod.  
The God they trusted guards their  
graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore.  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon. 1833.

229

Tune—DUKE STREET.

1 God of my life, to Thee I call;  
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall:  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?

Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;  
But a prayer-hearing, answering God  
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe, and must succeed.  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

230

MANOAH. C. M.

AUTHORSHIP UNCERTAIN.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In.. a be -

liev - er's ear!..... It soothes his sor - rows, heals his

wounds, And drives a - way.. his fear. A - men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast!  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

J. Newton. 1779.

231

Tune—MANOAH.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;  
This one great gift impart—  
What most I need, and most desire,  
An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,  
My many sins forgiven:

Nor let a gloomy doubt remain  
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,  
From sin's deceit be free;  
In all the Christian graces grow,  
And live alone to thee.

# Occasional.

232

COWPER. C. M.

L. MASON. 1856.

1. The Lord of glo - - ry is my light, And  
my sal - va - tion too; God is my strength, — nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do, What all my foes can do. A - men.

2 One privilege my heart desires,—  
Oh, grant me an abode  
Among the churches of Thy saints,—  
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see Thy beauty still;  
Shall hear Thy messages of love,  
And there inquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may His children hide;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high,  
Above my foes around;  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within Thy temple sound.

I. Watts. 1707.

233

Tune—COWPER.

1 Gracious Saviour, thus before Thee  
With our varied want and care;  
For a blessing we implore Thee,  
Listen to our evening prayer!

2 By Thy favor safely living,  
With a grateful heart we raise  
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving:  
Listen to our evening praise.

3 Through the day, Lord, Thou hast given  
Strength sufficient for our need;  
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven  
Helped and comforted indeed.

4 Lord, we thank Thee, and adore Thee,  
For the solace of Thy love;  
And rejoicing thus before Thee,  
Wait Thy blessing from above!

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O, may Thy will be mine!

In - to Thy hand of love I... would my all... re - sign;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me.. as Thine own,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done!" A - men.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
 Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear.  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 "My Lord, Thy will be done!"

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
 All shall be well for me;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly trust with Thee:  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing, in life or death,  
 "My Lord, Thy will be done!"

# Occasions.

235

LENOX. H. M.

L. EDSON. 1782.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed ing

Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands:

My name is writ - ten on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands. A - men.

2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owes me for His child;  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.  
C. Wesley. (1708—1768.)

236

Tune—LENOX.

1 Come, every pious heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate His fame:  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 From the dark grave He rose,  
The mansions of the dead,  
And thence His mighty foes

In glorious triumph led;  
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.

3 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
The debt we owe Thy love;  
Yet tell us how we may  
Our gratitude approve,  
Our hearts, our all to Thee we give;  
The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.  
S. Stennett. 1787.

# Occasional.

237

VOLKSLIED. L. M.

MENDELSSOHN. (1809—1847.)

1. O Sav - iour! is Thy prom - ise fled? Nor lon - ger might Thy

grace en - dure To heal the sick, and raise the dead, And preach Thy

gos - pel to the poor? And preach Thy gos - pel to the.. poor? A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Come, Jesus, come! return again;<br/>         With brighter beam Thy servants bless,<br/>         Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,<br/>         And share Thy kingdom's happiness!</p> <p>3 Come, Jesus, come! and as of yore<br/>         The prophet went to clear Thy way,</p> | <p>A harbinger Thy feet before,<br/>         A dawning to Thy brighter day;</p> <p>4 So now may grace, with heavenly shower,<br/>         Our stony hearts for truth prepare;<br/>         Sow in our souls the seed of power,<br/>         Then come, and reap Thy harvest there!</p> |
|---|--|

R. Heber. (1783—1826.)

238

Tune—VOLKSLIED.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Father of heaven, whose love profound<br/>         A ransom for our souls hath found.<br/>         Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br/>         To us Thy pardoning love extend.</p> <p>2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—<br/>         Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!<br/>         Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br/>         To us Thy saving grace extend.</p> | <p>3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath<br/>         The soul is raised from sin and death,—<br/>         Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br/>         To us Thy quickening power extend.</p> <p>4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!<br/>         Mysterious Godhead!—Three in One!<br/>         Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br/>         Grace, pardon, life to us extend.</p> |
|--|--|

Edward Cooper. 1805.

# Occasional.

239

DETROIT. S. M.

E. P. HASTINGS.

1. The Spir - it in our hearts Is whis - pering

"Sin - ner, come;" The Bride, the Church of Christ, pro -

claims To all His chil - dren, "Come." A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Let him that heareth, say<br/>To all about him, "Come;"<br/>Let him that thirsts for righteousness<br/>To Christ, the fountain, come,</p> <p>3 Yes, whosoever will,<br/>O let him freely come,</p> | <p>And freely drink the stream of life:<br/>'Tis Jesus bids him come.</p> <p>4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,<br/>Declares, "I quickly come;"<br/>Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;<br/>Jesus, my Saviour, come.</p> |
|---|---|

H. U. Onderdonk. 1826.

240

Tune—DETROIT.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O Saviour, who didst come<br/>By water and by blood;<br/>Confessed on earth, adored in heaven,<br/>Eternal Son of God!</p> <p>2 Jesus, our life and hope,<br/>To endless years the same;<br/>We plead Thy gracious promises;<br/>And rest upon Thy name.</p> | <p>3 By faith in Thee we live,<br/>By faith in Thee we stand,<br/>By Thee we vanquish sin and death,<br/>And gain the heavenly land.</p> <p>4 O Lord, increase our faith;<br/>Our fearful spirits calm;<br/>Sustain us through this mortal strife,<br/>Then give the victor's palm!</p> |
|---|---|

Edward Osler. Died 1863.



# Occasional.

241

AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. 3l.

F. J. HAYDN. 1797.

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters Springing from e - ter - nal love,

He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage

With sal - va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A - men.  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giver, Nev - er fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near;  
 Thus deriving for their banner,  
 Light by night, and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood!  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Make them kings and priests to God.  
 'Tis His love His people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings:  
 And as priests, His solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

Occasional.

242

REX GLORIÆ. 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. SMART. 1868.

1. See the Conqueror mounts in tri - ump; See the King in roy - al state,

Rid - ing on the clouds His char - iot To His heav'n-ly pal - ace gate!

Hark! the choirs of an - gel - voic - es Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,

And the portals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'nly King. A - men.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,  
 With the trump of jubilee?  
 Lord of battles, God of armies,  
 He hath gained the victory.  
 He who on the cross did suffer,  
 He who from the grave arose,  
 He has vanquished sin and Satan;  
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,  
 He was parted from His friends,  
 While their eager eyes behold Him,  
 He upon the clouds ascends;  
 He who walked with God and pleased Him,  
 Preaching truth and doom to come,  
 He, our Enoch, is translated,  
 To His everlasting home.

# Occasional.

4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,  
 With His blood, within the veil;  
 Joshua now is come to Canaan,  
 And the kings before Him quail;  
 Now He plants the tribes of Israel  
 In their promised resting-place;  
 Now our great Elijah offers  
 Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature  
 On the clouds to God's right hand:  
 There we sit in heav'nly places,  
 There with Thee in glory stand.  
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels;  
 Man with God is on the throne;  
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,  
 We by faith behold our own.

C. Wordsworth. 1862.

## 243 PARK STREET. L. M.

F. M. A. VENUA. 1810.

1. O Lord, in per - fect bliss a - bove Thou couldst not need cre -  
 at - ed.. love; And yet Thou did'st Thy pow'r dis - play, And earth's foun -  
 da - tion firm - ly lay, And earth's foun-da - tion firm - ly lay. A - men.

2 But even while the world came forth  
 In all the beauty of its birth,  
 In Thy deep thought Thou didst behold,  
 Another world of nobler mold.

3 For Thou didst will that Christ should  
 A new creation by His name; [frame  
 Its seed, the living word of grace  
 He scatters wide in every place;

4 Its home, when time shall be no more,  
 In heaven with Thee for evermore;  
 Accepted in Thy boundless love  
 To share His throne and joy above.

5 O Father, bless, for they are Thine,  
 O Son, direct in love divine,  
 O Holy Ghost, with grace endue  
 The old creation and the new!

Isaac Williams. Died 1865.

# Occasional.

244 HERRNHUT. P. M.

P. NICOLAI. d. 1668.

*p* *cresc.*

1. { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing: The watchmen on the  
Mid-night's sol - emn hour is toll - ing: His char - iot wheels are

*dim.* 1st time. 2d time.

heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise! }  
near - er roll - ing; He comes; prepare, ye (Omit. ....) } vir - gins wise.

*mf* *f* (Solo voice)

Rise up, with will - ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet; Al - le - lu - ia!

*p* *f* *mf* *f*

Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd light. Speed forth to join the marriage rite. A - men.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,  
Her heart with deep delight is springing,  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:  
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,  
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious.  
Her star is risen, her light is come:  
All hail, Incarnate Lord,  
Our crown, and our reward!  
Alleluia!  
We haste along, in pomp of song,  
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,  
And men and angels sing before Thee,  
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.  
By the pearly gates in wonder  
We stand and swell the voice of thunder,  
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.  
No vision ever brought,  
No ear hath ever caught,  
Such bliss and joy:  
We raise the song, we swell the throng,  
To praise Thee ages all along.

Occasional.

245 ST. MAGNUS (Nottingham). C. M.

J. CLARKE. (1670—1707.)

1. The Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is

crown'd with glo - ry.. now; A roy - al di - a -

dem a - dorns The might - y... Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

2 The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His, is His by right.  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
And Heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below.  
To whom He manifests His love  
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;

Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above,  
Their prophet and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him:  
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly. 1820.

246 Tune—ST. MAGNUS.

1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of Thine:  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessèd face and mine!

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
Yet art Thou oft with me;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,  
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un-  
When slumbers o'er me roll. [sought

Thine image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,  
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall Thee reveal  
All glorious as Thou art.

## Occasional.

247

HAMBURG. L. M.

OLD GREGORIAN CHANT.

1. Na - ture, with o - pen vol - ume, stands To spread her  
 Mak - er's praise a - broad; And ev - ery la - bor..  
 of His hands Shows something worth - y.. of a.. God. A - men.

2 But, in the grace that rescued man,  
 His brightest form of glory shines;  
 Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
 In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross  
 Where my redeemer loved and died!

Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.  
 From His dear wounds and bleeding

4 I would forever speak His name  
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown;  
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
 And worship at His Father's throne.

L. Watts. 1707.

248

Tune—HAMBURG.

1 My God, accept my heart this day,  
 And make it always Thine,  
 That I from Thee no more may stray,  
 No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,  
 Behold, I prostrate fall;  
 Let every sin be crucified,  
 And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace  
 And seal me for Thine own;  
 That I may see Thy glorious face,  
 And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,  
 To Thee be ever given;  
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
 And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridges. 1848.

# Occasional.

249

WINDSOR. C. M.

G. KIRBYE. 1592.

1. O Thou, th'e - ter - nal Son of God, The  
Lamb for sin - ners slain, We wor - ship Thee, whose  
head is bowed In ag - o - ny and pain. A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 None tread with Thee Thine awful path,<br/>Thou sufferest alone;<br/>Thine is the perfect sacrifice<br/>Which only can atone.</p> <p>3 Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-robcs<br/>To-day are laid aside,<br/>And human sorrows, Son of Man,<br/>Thy Godhead seem to hide.</p> | <p>4 The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe<br/>This is the lightest part;<br/>Our sin it is which pierces Thee,<br/>And breaks Thy sacred heart.</p> <p>5 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,<br/>Will truest, Lord, abide;<br/>Make Thou that cross our only hope,<br/>O Jesus crucified!</p> |
|---|--|

W. C. Dix. 1864.

250

Tune—WINDSOR.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 There is a green hill far away,<br/>Without a city wall,<br/>Where the dear Lord was crucified,<br/>Who died to save us all.</p> <p>2 We may not know, we cannot tell,<br/>What pains He had to bear,<br/>But we believe it was for us<br/>He hung and suffered there.</p> <p>3 He died that we might be forgiven,<br/>He died to make us good,</p> | <p>That we might go at last to heaven,<br/>Saved by His precious blood.</p> <p>4 There was no other good enough<br/>To pay the price of sin,<br/>He only could unlock the gate<br/>Of heaven, and let us in.</p> <p>5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!<br/>And we must love Him too,<br/>And trust in His redeeming blood,<br/>And try His works to do.</p> |
|--|---|

# Occasional.

251 HOLLYWOOD. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

S. WEBBE'S COLL. 1792.

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vored  
 2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dread - ful

sin - ners slain; Thou - sand, thou - sand saints at - tend - ing  
 maj - es - ty; Those who set at naught and sold Him,

Swell the tri - umph of His train: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Pierc'd, and nailed Him to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing,

Al - le - lu - ia! God ap - pears on earth to reign. A - men.  
 Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear;  
 All His saints, by man rejected,  
 Now Shall meet Him in the air:  
 Alleluia!  
 See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne:  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own:  
 Alleluia!  
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

V. 1, 2, 3, C. Wesley. 1758. V. 3, J. Cennick. 1752.  
 Arr. Alt. M. Madan. 1760.



1. Sin - ners, turn! why will ye die? God your Mak - er asks you why,

God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live,

He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of His own hands;

Why, ye thank-less creatures, why Will ye cross His love and die? A - men.

2 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?  
 God your Saviour asks you why,  
 God, who did your souls retrieve,  
 God, who died that ye might live.  
 Will ye let Him die in vain,  
 Crucify the Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?  
 God, the spirit, asks you why,  
 God, who all your lives hath strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace His love.  
 Will you not the grace receive?  
 Will you still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
 Will ye grieve your God and die?

## Occasional.

253

FLEMMING. 8, 8, 8, 6.

F. F. FLEMMING. (1778—1813.)

1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine  
 arm.. Thou bid'st me.. lean;.. Help me, through-out.. life's  
 chang - ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee! A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Blest with communion so divine,<br/>         Take what Thon wilt, shall I repine,<br/>         When, as the branches to the vine,<br/>         My soul may cling to Thee?</p> <p>3 What though the world deceitful prove,<br/>         And earthly friends and joys remove;<br/>         With patient, uncomplaining love,<br/>         Still would I cling to Thee.</p> | <p>4 Oft when I seem to tread alone<br/>         Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,<br/>         A voice of love, in gentlest tone,<br/>         Whispers, "Still cling to me."</p> <p>5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,<br/>         I ask not, need not aught beside;<br/>         How safe, how calm, how satisfied,<br/>         The souls that cling to Thee!</p> |
|---|--|

C. Elliott. 1836. *All.*

254

Tune—FLEMMING.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 His are the thousand sparkling rills<br/>         That from a thousand fountains burst,<br/>         And fill with music all the hills,<br/>         And yet He saith "I thirst."</p> <p>2 All fiery pangs on battle-fields,<br/>         On fever-beds where sick ones toss,<br/>         Are in that human cry he yields<br/>         To anguish on the cross.</p> | <p>3 But more than pains that racked Him then<br/>         Was the deep longing thirst divine,<br/>         That thirsted for the souls of men;<br/>         Dear Lord! and one was mine.</p> <p>4 O Love most patient, give me grace;<br/>         Make all my soul athirst for Thee:<br/>         That parched dry lip, that fading face,<br/>         That thirst was all for me.</p> |
|---|--|

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. 1858.

1. How pleas - ant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of..

hosts! Thy dwell - ings are! With long de - sire my spir - it

faints, To meet th'as - sem - blies of... Thy saints. A - men.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God! my King! why should I be  
So far from all my joys, and Thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around Thy throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of Thy grace;  
There they behold Thy gentler rays,  
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;  
Till all before Thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

*L. Watts. 1719.*

## 256

Tune—MIGDOL.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King!  
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
Oh! may my heart in tune be found!  
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His word;

Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord! I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

# Occasional.

257

SABBATH. 7s. 6l.

L. MASON. 1824.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;

Day of all the week the best. Emblem of e - ter - nal rest. *A - men.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Mercies multiplied each hour<br/>Through the week our praise demand;<br/>Guarded by almighty power,<br/>Fed and guided by His hand.<br/>Though ungrateful we have been,<br/>And repaying love with sin.</p>        | <p>4 As we come Thy name to praise<br/>May we feel Thy presence near;<br/>May Thy glory meet our eyes,<br/>While we in Thy house appear:<br/>Here afford us, Lord, a taste<br/>Of our everlasting feast.</p>                  |
| <p>3 While we pray for pardoning grace,<br/>Through the dear Redeemer's name,<br/>Show Thy reconciled face,<br/>Take away our sin and shame:<br/>From our worldly cares set free,<br/>May we rest this day in Thee.</p> | <p>5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound<br/>Conquer sinners, comfort saints;<br/>Make the fruits of grace abound,<br/>Bring relief from all complaints:<br/>Thus may all our Sabbaths prove<br/>Till we join the Church above.</p> |

# Occasional.

258

BLUMENTHAL. 7s. 81,

J. BLUMENTHAL. 1847.

1. Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know!

Spir - it, breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me.. it is so.

Oh, this full and per - fect peace! Oh, this trans - port all di - vine!

*p*  
In a love which can - not cease, I am His and.. He is mine. *A - men.*

2 Things that once caused wild alarms  
 Cannot now disturb my rest,  
 Closed in everlasting arms,  
 Pillowed on His loving breast.  
 Oh, to lie for ever here,  
 Care, and doubt, and self resign ;  
 While He whispers in my ear,  
 I am His and His is mine.

3 His for ever, only His!  
 Who the Lord and me can part ?  
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss  
 Christ can fill the loving heart !  
 Heaven and earth may fade and flee,  
 First-born light in gloom decline ;  
 But while God and I shall be,  
 I am His and He is mine.

## Occasional.

259

MOZART. 7s.

W. A. MOZART. (1756—1791.)

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Sons of men.. and an - gels say;  
 Raise your joys... and tri - umphs high; Sing, ye heav'n's, and  
 earth re - ply, Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth re - ply. A - men.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
 Death in vain forbids Him rise,  
 Christ has opened paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King:  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Once He died our souls to save:  
 Where thy victory, O grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Following our exalted Head.  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,  
 Everlasting life is this,  
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,  
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. Wesley. 1739.

260

Tune—MOZART.

1 Hail the day that sees Him rise,  
 To His throne above the skies;  
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
 Reascends His native heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
 Wide unfold the radiant scene;  
 Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,  
 Still He loves the earth He leaves  
 Though returning to His throne,  
 Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;  
 See, He shows the prints of love;  
 Hark! His gracious lips bestow  
 Blessings on His church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;  
 Prevalent He intercedes;  
 Near Himself prepares our place,  
 Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight  
 High above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Following Thee beyond the skies.

# Occasional.

261

WESLEY. 11s, 10s.

L. MASON. 1830.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the accents of sor-row and

mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign. A-men.

- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,  
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;  
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning!  
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
 Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,  
 Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,  
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
 Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,  
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

T. Hastings. 1832.

# Occasional.

262

ANVERN. L. M.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;

To that our long - ing souls as - pire,.. With cheer - ful

hope and strong de - sire, With cheerful hope and strong de - sire. A - men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 No more fatigue, no more distress,<br/>Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;<br/>No groans shall mingle with the songs<br/>That warble from immortal tongues.</p> <p>3 No rude alarms of raging foes,<br/>No cares to break the long repose,</p> | <p>No midnight shade, no clouded sun,<br/>But sacred, high, eternal noon.</p> <p>4 O long-expected day, begin!<br/>Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;<br/>Fain would we leave this weary road,<br/>And sleep in death to rest with God.</p> |
|--|---|

P. Doddridge. (1702—1751.)

263

Tune—ANVERN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,<br/>By faith and love, in every breast;<br/>Then shall we know, and taste, and feel<br/>The joys that cannot be expressed.</p> <p>2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,<br/>Make our enlarged souls possess,</p> | <p>And learn the height, and breadth, and length<br/>Of Thine eternal love and grace.</p> <p>3 Now to the God whose power can do<br/>More than our thoughts and wishes know,<br/>Be everlasting honors done,<br/>By all the Church, through Christ His Son.</p> |
|---|---|

I. Watts. (1674—1748.)

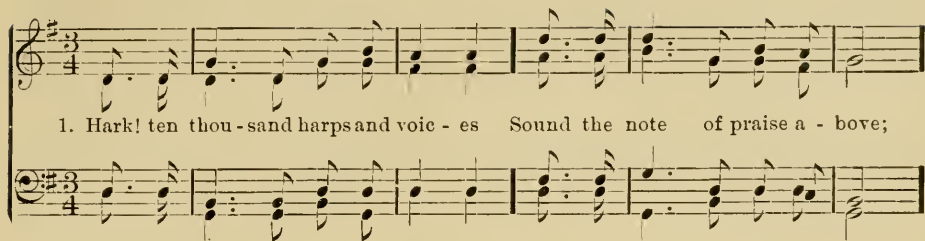


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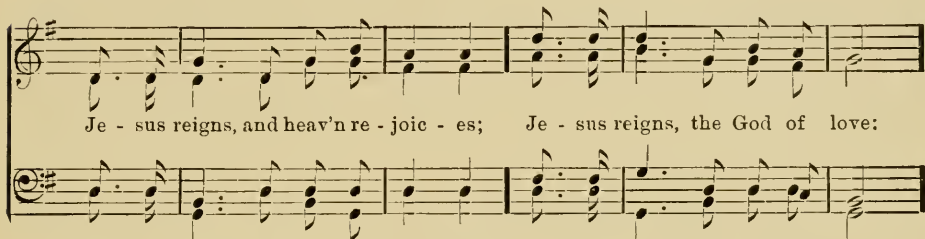
264

HARWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, with Refrain.

L. MASON. 1832.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;



Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoice; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:



See, He sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world alone.



Refrain.  
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. A - men.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—  
Thine an everlasting crown:  
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever  
Those whom Thou hast made thine own;—  
Happy objects of Thy grace,  
Destined to behold Thy face.  
*Ref.*—Hallelujah, etc.

3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;  
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day.  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away:—  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—  
“Glory, glory to our King!”  
*Ref.*—Hallelujah, etc.

# Occasional.

265

SEGUR. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

J. P. HOLBROOK. (1822—1888.)

1. Guide me, O.... Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim

thro'.. this bar - ren land;.. I am weak,.. but Thou art

might - y; Hold me with.. Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heav - en,

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till... I want no more. A - men.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain  
 Whence the healing streams do flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death! and hell's destruction!  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.

1. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song;... Lift up your

hearts, your voi - ces raise; To us His gra - cious

gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise. A - men.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,  
For daily help and nightly care,  
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,  
And praise His name, for it is fair:—

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,  
His truth to prove, His will to do,  
Praise ye our God, for He is great,  
Trust in His name, for it is true:—

4 For joys unfold that daily move  
Round those who love His sweet employ,  
Sing to our God, for He is love,  
Exalt His name, for it is joy:—

5 For life below, with all its bliss,  
And for that life, more pure and high,  
That inner life, which over this  
Shall ever shine, and never die.

J. S. B. Monsell. (1811—1875.)

## 267

## Tune—SESSIONS.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
I read my duty in Thy word;  
But in Thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;  
The desert Thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

1. Watts. (1674—1748.)

# Occasional.

268

SEASONS. L. M.

I. J. PLEVEL. (1757—1831.)

1. Lord God of Hosts, by all a - dored! Thy name we

praise with one ac - cord; The earth and heav'n are

full of Thee, Thy light, Thy love, Thy maj - es - ty. A - men.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name  
Angels and seraphim proclaim;  
Eternal praise to Thee is given  
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,  
The prophets aid to swell the song,  
The noble and triumphant host  
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place  
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise;  
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,  
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honor Thee;  
Thy name we worship and adore,  
World without end for evermore.

John Gambold. *Alt.* Died 1771.

269

Tune—SEASONS.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;  
Thus far His power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home,  
But He forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait Thy voice to break my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

I. Watts. 1710.

# Occasional.

270

SAMSON. L. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. HÄNDEL. 1731.

1. Why will ye waste on tri - fling cares That life which

God's com - pas - sion.. shares? While, in.. the.. va - rious

range of.. thought, The one thing need - ful.. is for - got? A - men.

2 Shall God invite you from above?  
 Shall Jesus urge His dying love?  
 Shall troubled conscience give you pain?  
 And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view  
 Those objects which you now pursue;

Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
 When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! Thy grace impart;  
 Fix deep conviction on each heart:  
 Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
 That life which Thy compassion spares.

P. Doddridge. (1702-1751.)

271

Tune—SAMSON.

1 Oh, do not let the word depart,  
 And close thine eyes against the light;  
 Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:  
 Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise  
 To bless thy long-deluded sight;

This is the time; oh, then be wise!  
 Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;  
 And wilt thou thus His love requite?  
 Renounce at length thy stubborn will;  
 Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

Mrs. Elizabeth Reed. 1825.

# Occasional.

272

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

L. MASON (1792—1872.)

1. When Thou, my right-eous Judge, shalt come To take Thy ran-

som'd peo - ple home, Shall I a - mong them stand?

Shall such a worth - less worm as I, Who some-times am

a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand? A - men.

2 I love to meet Thy people now,  
 Before Thy feet with them to bow,  
 Though vilest of them all;  
 But, can I bear the piercing thought,  
 What if my name should be left out,  
 When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Among Thy saints let me be found,  
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see Thy smiling face;  
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

Lady Huntington. Died 1791.

# Occasional.

273

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

I. J. PLEVEL. (1757—1831.)

1. Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love, Oh, shed Thine

in - fluence from a - bove; And still from age to

age con - vey The won - ders of this sa - cred day. A - men.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's surpassing glory sung:  
Let all the listening earth be taught  
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,  
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;  
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove:  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

*Anon. 1774.*

274

Tune—GRACE CHURCH.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,  
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;  
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,  
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;  
To Thee, the gift of God most High;  
The fount of life, the fire of love,  
The soul's anointing from above.

3 The sacred, sevenfold grace is Thine,  
Dead Finger of the Hand divine:

The promise of the Father Thou!  
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4 Thy light to every sense impart,  
And shed Thy love in every heart;  
Thine own unfailing might supply  
To strengthen our infirmity.

5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,  
And Thine abiding peace bestow;  
If Thou be our preventing guide,  
No evil can our steps betide.

*10th. Cent. Tr. by E. Caswall, et al.*

# Occasional.

275

NUREMBERG. 7s. 6l.

J. R. AHLE. 1664.

1. Once I thought my mountain strong, Firm - ly fixed no more to move;

Then my Sav - iour was my song, Then my soul was filled with love:

Those were hap - py, gold-en days, Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise. A - men.

2 Little then myself I knew,  
 Little thought of Satan's power;  
 Now I feel my sins anew;  
 Now I feel the stormy hour!  
 Sin has put my joys to flight;  
 Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,  
 Bid my dying hopes revive;  
 Make my wounded spirit whole,  
 Far away the tempter drive;  
 Speak the word and set me free,  
 Let me live alone to Thee.

*J. Newton. (1725-1807.)*

276

Tune—NUREMBERG.

1 O Thon God who hearest prayer  
 Every hour and everywhere!  
 For His sake, whose blood I plead,  
 Hear me in my hour of need:  
 Only hide not now Thy face,  
 God of all-sufficient grace!

2 Leave me not, my strength, my trust;  
 Oh, remember I am dust:  
 Leave me not again to stray;

Leave me not the tempter's prey:  
 Fix my heart on things above;  
 Make me happy in Thy love.

3 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!  
 For my trust is in Thy word!  
 Wash me from the stain of sin,  
 That Thy peace may rule within:  
 May I know myself Thy child,  
 Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

*J. Conder. Died 1855.*



# Occasional.

277

VARINA. C. M. D.

AUTHORSHIP UNKNOWN.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;

In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish.. pain.

There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - withering flow'rs;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides This heav'nly land from ours. A - men.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.  
But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea:  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes:—  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore. [Hood.

I. Watts. 1707.

# Occasional.

278 ST. ALBAN. 6s, 5s. 81, with Refrain.

FR. F. J. HAYDN. (1732—1809.)

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on - ward

To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we.. pray,...

**Refrain.**

And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'n-ward way. Brightly gleams our ban - ner,

Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high. *A - men.*

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
 At Thy sacred feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing  
 See Thy children meet;  
 Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray;  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
 In the narrow way.—*Ref.*

3 All our days direct us  
 In the way we go;  
 Lead us on victorious  
 Over every foe:  
 Bid Thine angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lower;  
 Pardon Thou and save us  
 In the last dread hour.—*Ref.*

T. J. Potter. 1860. *Ab.*

# Occasional.

279

CAREY'S. L. M. 61.

H. CAREY. 1723.

1. Oh come, oh come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive

Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here

Un - til.. the Son.. of.. God ap - pear. Re - joice! re - joice! Em -

man - u - el.. Shall come to.. thee,.. O Is - ra - el. A - men.

2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 Oh come, Thou Day-Spring, come and  
cheer  
Our spirits by Thine advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of  
might,  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

# Occasional.

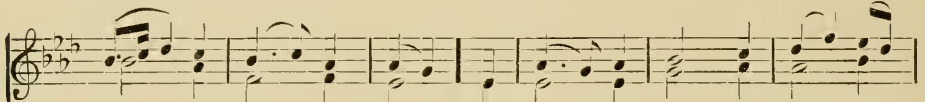
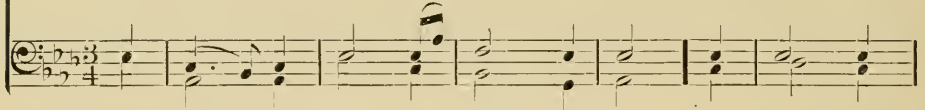
280

CRAWFORD. L. M.

Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN. (1732—1809.)



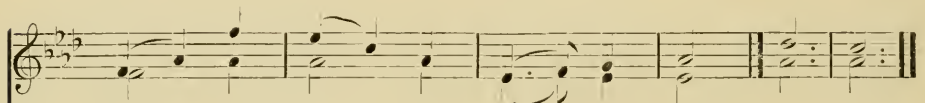
1. How sweet - ly flowed the gos - pel sound From lips of  
2. From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke, To heav'n He



gen - tle - ness and grace, When list - 'ning thou - sands gath - ered  
led... His fol - lowers' way; Dark clouds of gloom - y night He



round, And joy.. and glad - ness filled the place, And  
broke, Un - veil - ing an... im - mor - tal day, Un-



joy... and glad - ness filled the place. A - men.  
vail - ing an... im - mor - tal day.



3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. Bowring. 1823.

# Occasional.

281      SUNNINGHILL.      C. M. D.

G. J. ELVEY. (1816-1893)

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,

When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold;

Thy bul-warks, with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?      A - men.

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy  
 I onward press to you.      [scenes  
 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,  
 Or feel at death dismay?  
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
 And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
 Around my Saviour stand:  
 And soon my friends in Christ below  
 Will join the glorious band.  
 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
 My soul still pants for thee;  
 Then shall my labors have an end,  
 When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. (Ascribed to J. Montgomery.) Eckington Coll. C. 1796.  
 (Based on "F. B. P." in MSS. of 16th or 17th Cent.)

# Occasional.

282

WORK SONG. P. M.

L. MASON : 1856.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work, thro' the morn-ing hours;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling; Work, 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work, in the glow-ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. *A - men.*

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store:  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more:  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker. 1868.

# Occasional.

283

QUARTET. 8s, 7s.

A. FLOW. .

1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it; Make and keep it  
 all Thine own; . . . . . Let Thy Spir - it melt and  
 break it— This proud heart of sin and stone. A - men.

- 2 Father, make me pure and lowly,  
 Fond of peace and far from strife;  
 Turning from the paths unholy  
 Of this vain and sinful life.
- 3 Ever let Thy grace surround me,  
 Strengthen me with power divine,

- Till Thy cords of love have bound me:  
 Make me to be wholly Thine.
- 4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,  
 And my sins be all forgiven;  
 Holy Spirit, take and seal me,  
 Guide me in the path to heaven.

Anon. 1849.

284

Tune—QUARTET.

- 1 All unseen the Master walketh  
 By the toiling servant's side;  
 Comfortable words He speaketh,  
 While His hands uphold and guide.
- 2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow  
 Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
- 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,  
 Long endurance wins the crown;  
 When the evening shadows lengthen,  
 Thou shalt lay thy burden down.
- 4 He to-day, and He to-morrow,  
 Grace sufficient gives His own.

Thomas MacKellar.

# Occasional.

285

OAKSVILLE. C. M.

C. ZEUNER. (1797—1857.)

1. Sing we the.. song.. of those who stand A -  
round th'e - ter - nal throne, Of ev - ery.. kin - dred,  
elime, and land, A... mul - ti - tude un - known. A - men.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:  
To-day the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and His flock appear  
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, sufferings still await  
On earth the pilgrim throng;  
Yet learn we in our low estate  
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—  
Cry the redeemed above;  
"Blessing and honor to obtain,  
And everlasting love!"

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,  
"Who died our souls to save!  
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?  
Thy victory, O Grave!"

J. Montgomery. Died 1854.

286

Tune—OAKSVILLE.

1 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,  
Display Thy beams divine,  
And cause the glory of Thy face  
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light, in Thy light, oh, may I see,  
Thy grace and mercy prove,  
Revived, and cheered, and blest by Thee,  
The God of pardoning love.

3 Lift up Thy countenance serene,  
And let Thy happy child  
Behold, without a cloud between,  
The Father reconciled.

4 On me Thy promised peace bestow,  
The peace by Jesus given:—  
The joys of holiness below,  
And then the joys of heaven.

C. Wesley. (1708—1788.)



# Occasional.

287 RUTGERS. 8, 8, 8, 4.

H. N. BARTLETT. 1897.

*mf*

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray, Far from my home, in

*mf*

life's rough way, O teach me from my heart to say,

( $\sigma$ )

*lento.*

*p*

"Thy will be done, Thy will be done." A - men.

*p*

( $\sigma$ )

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive would I still reply,  
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done."

# Occasional.

288 AMHERST. C. M.

HOMER N. BARTLETT. 1897.

1. When all Thy.. mer - cies, O my.. God, My  
 ris - ing.. soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed.. with the  
 view, I'm.. lost In won - der,.. love, and.. praise. A - men.

- 2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth  
 The gratitude declare,  
 That glows within my ravished heart?  
 But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ;  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;

- And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.
- 5 When nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide Thy works no more,  
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 6 Through all eternity, to Thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise;  
 But oh, eternity's too short  
 To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison. 1712.

289 Tune—AMHERST.

- 1 To Zion's hill I lift my eyes,  
 From thence expecting aid;  
 From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,  
 Who heaven and earth has made.
- 2 He will not let thy foot be moved,  
 Thy guardian will not sleep;  
 Behold, the God who slumbers not  
 Will favored Israel keep.

# Occasional.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,<br/>         Thou shalt securely rest,<br/>         Where neither sun nor moon shall thee<br/>         By day or night molest.</p> | <p>4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,<br/>         Thy God shall thee defend;<br/>         Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,<br/>         Safe to thy journey's end.</p> |
|---|--|

Tate and Brady. 1696.

## 290 UNION. 8s.

HOMER N. BARTLETT. 1897.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy.. might, Christ is thy strength, and  
 Christ thy.. right; Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
 Thy.. joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Run the straight race through God's<br/>         good grace,<br/>         Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;<br/>         Life with its way before us lies,<br/>         Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.</p> | <p>Trust, and thy trusting soul shall<br/>         prove<br/>         Christ is its life, and Christ its love.</p>   |
| <p>3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;<br/>         His boundless mercy will provide;</p>   | <p>4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;<br/>         He changeth not, and thou art dear;<br/>         Only believe, and thou shalt see<br/>         That Christ is all in all to thee.</p> |

J. S. B. Monsell. 1863.

# Occasional.

291 COLUMBIA. 8s, 7s. 81.

REGINALD DE KOVEN. 1893.

*mf Allegro moderato.*

1. Christians, up! the day is breaking, Gird your read - y ar - mor on; Slum'ring

hosts a - round are waking, Rouse ye! in the Lord, the Lord be strong! While ye

sleep or i - dly lin - ger, Thousands sink, with none to save; Hast - en!

Time's unerring fin - ger Points to many an o - pen grave, an o - pen grave. A - men.

2 Hark! unnumbered voices crying,  
 "Save us, or we droop and die!"  
 Succor bear the faint and dying,  
 On the wings of mercy fly:  
 Lead them to the crystal fountain  
 Gushing with the streams of life;  
 Guide them to the sheltering mountain,  
 For the gale with death is rife.

3 See the blest millennial dawning!  
 Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star:  
 Eastern lands, behold the morning;  
 Lo! it glimmers from afar:  
 O'er the mountain-top ascending,  
 Soon the scattered light shall rise,  
 Till, in radiant glory blending,  
 Heaven's high noon shall greet our eyes.

Elbert S. Porter.

# Occasional.

292 WILLIAMS. C. M.

H. N. BARTLETT. 1897.

*mf*

1. Through all the chang - ing scenes of life,

*mf*

In troub - le and in joy, The prais - es of my

God shall still My heart.. and tongue em - ploy. A - men.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;

Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succor trust.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady. 1696. *Ab.*

293 Tune—WILLIAMS.

1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my soul to Thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes  
O Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;  
Thus, Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
Oh, let my strength be as my day—  
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait Thy just decree:  
Be this the prayer of my last breath:  
Now, Lord, remember me!

Thomas Haweis.

# Occasional.

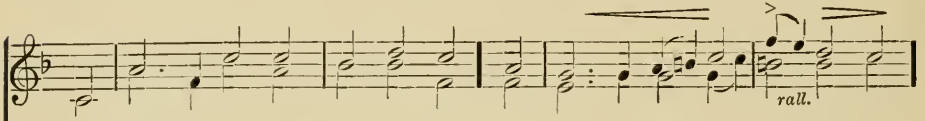
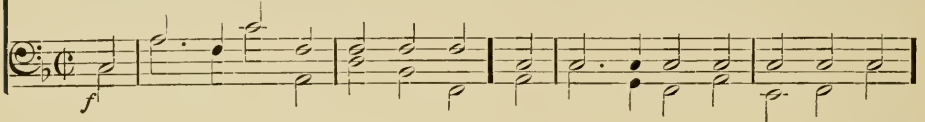
294 PRINCETON. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 10.

H. NICHOLL. b. 1848.

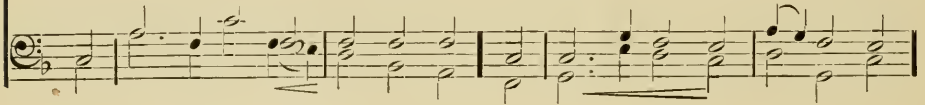
*f* Molto Maestoso.



1. O Thou whose bound-less love be - stows The joy of life, the hope of heaven;  
2. Grant us the knowledge that we need To solve the ques-tions of the mind;



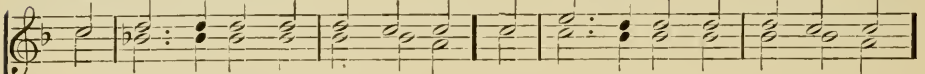
Thou whose un-chart-ered mer - cy flows O'er all the bless-ings Thou hast giv'n;  
Light Thou our can - dle while we read, And keep our hearts from go - ing blind;



*a tempo. ff* > con maestà.

*rinforz.*

*rall.*



Thou, by whose light a - lone we see; Thou, by whose truth our souls set free  
En - large our vi - sion to be-hold The won-ders Thou hast wrought of old;

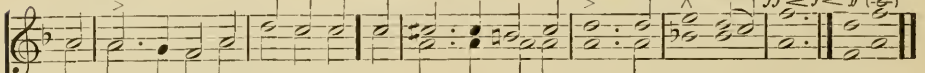


*f a tempo.*

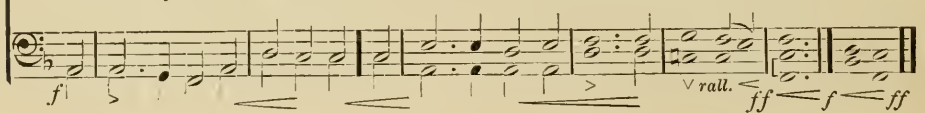
*molto rinforz.*

*rall.*

*adagio. s.no.*



Are made im-perish-a-bly strong; Hear Thou the sol-em mu - sic of our song. A-men.  
Re - veal Thy-self in ev-'ry law, And gild the towers of truth with ho - ly awe.



## Occasional.

3 Be Thou our strength when war's wild gust  
Rages around us, loud and fierce;  
Confirm our souls and let our trust  
Be like a wall that none can pierce;  
Give us the courage that prevails,  
The steady faith that never fails,  
Help us to stand in every fight,  
Firm as a fortress to defend the right.

4 O God, make of us what Thou wilt;  
Guide Thou the labor of our hand;  
Let all our work be surely built  
As Thou, the architect, hast planned;  
But whatsoever Thy power shall make  
Of these frail lives, do not forsake  
Thy dwelling. Let Thy presence rest  
For ever in the temple of our breast.

Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

### 295 SIENNA. S. M.

J. H. DEANE.

*poco rall.*

1. Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert ev - er kind; Let me, op - press'd with

loads of guilt... Thy .. wont - ed mer - cy find. A - men.

2 Wash off my foul offense,  
And cleanse me from my sin;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.

4 Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view:  
Create in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.

3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,  
And only in Thy sight, [demned,  
Have I transgressed; and, though con-  
Must own Thy judgment right.

5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,  
Nor cast me from Thy sight;  
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take  
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy Thy favor gives  
Let me, O Lord, regain;  
And Thy free Spirit's firm support  
My fainting soul sustain.

Tate and Brady. 1666.

# Occasional.

296 HARVARD. 8s, 7s. 81.

J. K. PAINE.

1. Thro' the.. night of doubt and sor - row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,

Sing - ing songs of.. ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to.. the.. promis'd land.

Clear be - fore us thro' the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light:..

Broth - er.. clasps the hand of.. brother, Step - ping fear - less thro' the night.. *A - men.*

2 One, the light of God's own presence,  
 O'er His ransomed people shed,  
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
 Brightening all the path we tread:  
 One, the object of our journey,  
 One, the faith which never tires,  
 One, the earnest looking forward,  
 One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thousands  
 Lift as from the heart of one;  
 One the conflict, one the peril,  
 One, the march in God begun:

One, the gladness of rejoicing  
 On the far eternal shore,  
 Where the One Almighty Father  
 Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
 Onward with the Cross our aid!  
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
 Till we rest beneath its shade!  
 Soon shall come the great awaking:  
 Soon the rending of the tomb;  
 Then, the scattering of all shadows,  
 And the end of toil and gloom!



# Occasional.

297 PENNSYLVANIA. C. M. D.

FRANK SEYMOUR HASTINGS.

*mf*

1. Am I a... sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower.. of.. the Lamb?

*mf*

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?

Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease, ..

While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas? *p* A - men.

2 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?  
 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord;  
 I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.

3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war  
 Shall conquer, though they die,  
 They view the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.  
 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all Thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1720.

# Occasional.

298 DARTMOUTH. L. M. 61.

MAX SPICKER. 1898.

1. Je - sus, Thou source of calm re - pose, All full - ness dwells in

Thee di - vine; Our strength to quell the proud - est foes;

Our light, in deep - est gloom to shine; Thou art our fort - ress,

*Largo.*

strength and tow'r, Our trust and por - tion, ev - er - more. A - men.

2 Jesus, our Comforter Thou art;  
 Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;  
 The balm to heal each broken heart,  
 In storms our peace, in loss our gain;  
 Our joy beneath the worldling's frown;  
 In shame, our glory and our crown;—

3 In want, our plentiful supply;  
 In weakness, our almighty power;  
 In bonds, our perfect liberty;  
 Our refuge, in temptation's hour;  
 Our comfort when in grief and thrall;  
 Our life in death; our all in all.

Charles Wesley.

## Occasional.

### 299 VOM HIMMEL HOCH. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

*f*

1. O Thou, who gav'st Thy serv - ant.. grace Ou.. Thee the

*f*

*p* *f*

liv - ing.. Rock to rest, To look on Thine un - veil - ed.. face,

*p* *f*

*pp*

And lean on Thy pro - tect - ing breast. A - men.

*pp*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still<br/>To feel Thy presence from above,<br/>And in Thy word and in Thy will<br/>To hear Thy voice and know Thy love;</p> <p>3 And when the toils of life are done,<br/>And nature waits Thy just decree,</p> | <p>To find our rest beneath Thy throne,<br/>And look in certain hope to Thee.</p> <p>4 To Thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,<br/>Whom as their King the saints adore,<br/>Thou strength and refuge in the fight,<br/>Be laud and glory evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

R. Heber.

### 300 Tune—VOM HIMMEL HOCH.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Father of all, Whose love profound<br/>A ransom for our souls hath found,<br/>Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br/>To us Thy pard'ning love extend.</p> <p>2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,<br/>Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,<br/>Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br/>To us Thy saving grace extend.</p> | <p>3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath<br/>The soul is raised from sin and death,<br/>Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br/>To us Thy quick'ning power extend.</p> <p>4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!<br/>Mysterious Godhead. Three in One!<br/>Before Thy throne we sinners bend;<br/>Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.</p> |
|--|--|

E. Cooper.

# Occasional.

301 CORNELL. 8s, 7s. 81.

REGINALD DE KOVEN. 1898.

*Allegro deciso.*

*f*

1. Lift the strain of high thanks-giv - ing! Tread with songs the hal-low'd way!—  
 2. When the years had wrought their chang-es, He, our own un-chang-ing God,

*f*

Praise our fa - thers' God, for mer - cies, New to us their sons to - day:  
 Thought on this His hab - it - a - tion, Looked on His de - cayed a - bode;

*mf*

Here they built for Him a dwell - ing, Served Him here in a - ges past,  
 Heard our pray'rs, and help'd our coun-sels, Bless'd the sil - ver and the gold,

*mf*

Fixed it for His sure pos ses - sion, Ho - ly ground, while time shall last. *dim.* A - men.  
 Till once more His house is stand - ing Firm and state - ly as of old.

3 Entering then Thy gates with praises,  
 Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer:  
 "Rise into Thy place of resting,  
 Show Thy promised presence there!"  
 Let the gracious word be spoken  
 Here, as once on Zion's height,  
 "This shall be My rest for ever,  
 This My dwelling of delight."

4 Fill this latter house with glory  
 Greater than the former knew:  
 Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,  
 Guide us all to reverence true;

Let Thy Holy One's anointing  
 Here its sevenfold blessing shed;  
 Spread for us the heavenly banquet  
 Satisfy Thy poor with bread.

5 Praise to Thee, Almighty Father,  
 Praise to Thee, Eternal Son,  
 Praise to Thee, all-quick'ning Spirit.  
 Ever blessèd Three in One:  
 Three-fold Power and Grace and Wis -  
 Molding out of sinful clay, [dom,  
 Living stones for that true temple  
 Which shall never know decay.

# Occasional.

302 VENI CREATOR. 8s.

BACH. (1685-1750.)

1. Ve - - ni, Cre - a - tor, Spi - - ri - - tus,  
 2. Da gau - di - o - rum, præ - mi - a,  
 3. Sit laus Pa - tri cum Fi - - li - o,

Men - - tes tu - - o - rum vi - - si - - ta,  
 Da gra - ti - - a - rum mu - - ne - ra,  
 San - - cto si - - mul Pa - - ra - - cli - to,

Im - ple su - per - na gra - - ti - a,  
 Dis - sol - ve li - - tis vin - - cu - la,  
 No - bis que mit - - tat Fi - - li - us,

Quæ tu cre - a - sti..... pe - - cto - ra.  
 Ad - strin - ge pa - cis..... foe - - de - ra.  
 Cha - ri - sma San - cti..... Spi - - ri - - tus. A - men.

# Tunes in Unison.

303

BETHANY. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

LOWELL MASON. 1856.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee; Near - er to Thee! A - men.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou send'st to me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

# Unison.

304

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of.. all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.. of all! A - men.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at His feet  
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song  
And crown Him Lord of all.

# Anison.

305

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HÄNDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery.. nerve, And press with vig - or..

on;... A... heav'n - ly race de - mands Thy zeal, And an im -

mor - tal crown,.. And an im - mor - tal crown. A - men.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high,

- 'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.



# Unison.

306

SPOHR. C. M.

Arr. fr. L. SPOHR. (1784-1859.)

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed

in the chase,..... So longs my soul, O God, for

Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace..... A - men.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine!

4 I sigh to think of happier days,  
When Thou, O Lord! wast nigh;  
When every heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I.

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Trust God, who will employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still; and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is Thy God,  
Thy health's eternal Spring.

# Unison.

307

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M. 8,7,8,7,6,6,6,7.

MARTIN LUTHER. 1529.

*f*

1. A might - y for - tress is.. our God, A bul - wark nev - er

*f*

*Ped. (or Man.)*

fail - - ing; Our help - er He... a - mid the flood Of

mor - tal ills pre - vail - - ing. For still our an - cient foe

# Anison.

Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And,

arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - - qual. A - men.

2 Did we in our own strength con-  
fide,  
Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is He;  
Lord Sabaoth is His name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with demons  
filled,  
Should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.  
The Prince of darkness grim,  
We tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo! his doom is sure:  
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,  
No thanks to them, abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through Him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill;  
God's truth abideth still,  
His Kingdom is for ever.

# Anison.

308 NUN DANKET. 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

J. CRÜGER. 1649.

*f*

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voice - es,  
 2. Oh, may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us,

*f*

Who won - drous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joic - es;  
 With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way  
 To keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,

# Anison.

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to-day. A - men.  
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.

M. Rinkart. 1644. 77. C. Winkworth. 1858.

## 309 DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NÄGELI. 1790.

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,

cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care. A - men.

2 Beneath His watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears creation up  
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,  
Down to the present day:  
I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
And bear a song away.

# Anison.

310

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7. JOS. KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, WITTENBERG. 1535.

1. Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - at - ed;

The judge of man-kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed;

The trum-pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -

tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him. A - - men.

## Unison.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
 And greet th'archangel's warning,  
 To meet the Saviour in the skies,  
 On this auspicious morning:  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Far over space, to distant spheres,  
 The lightnings are prevailing;  
 Th'ungodly rise, and all their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing:  
 The day of grace is past and gone;  
 Trembling they stand before the throne,  
 And unprepared to meet Him.

4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,  
 Repress thy flight to daring;  
 One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
 The Judge my nature wearing.  
 Beneath His cross I view the day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

B. Ringwaldt. 1565. *Alt.* W. B. Collyer. 1812.

(The above hymn and tune are often erroneously attributed to Luther.—The hymn is an imitation of the well-known Latin hymn "Dies irae, dies illa," by Thomas of Celano, who died c. 1255.)

## 311 PASSION CHORALE. 7s, 6s. 8l.

H. L. HASSLER. (1564—1612.)

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

# Anison.

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, tho' de-spised and go - - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A - men.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here, I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.  
My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside the cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,  
To thank Thee, dearest friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?

Oh make me Thine forever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 And when I am departing,  
Oh, part not Thou from me;  
When mortal pangs are darting,  
Come, Lord, and set me free;  
And when my heart must languish  
Amidst the final throe,  
Release me from mine anguish,  
By Thine own pain and woe.

6 Be near me when I'm dying,  
Oh, show Thy cross to me;  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.



# Anison.

312 OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

L. BOURGEOIS. 1551.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;

*Ped. (or Man.)*

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. A - men.

T. Ken. 1709.

313 Tune—OLD HUNDREDTH.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 With one consent let all the earth<br/>To God their cheerful voices raise;<br/>Glad homage pay with awful mirth,<br/>And sing before Him songs of praise.</p> <p>2 Convinced that He is God alone,<br/>From Whom both we and all proceed;<br/>We, whom He chooses for His own,<br/>The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.</p> | <p>3 Oh, enter then His temple gate,<br/>Thence to His courts devoutly press;<br/>And still your grateful hymns repeat,<br/>And still His Name with praises bless.</p> <p>4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,<br/>His mercy is forever sure:<br/>His truth, which always firmly stood,<br/>To endless ages shall endure.</p> |
|---|---|

Tate and Brady. 1698.

314 Tune—OLD HUNDREDTH.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Soon may the last glad song arise<br/>Through all the millions of the skies—<br/>That song of triumph which records<br/>That all the earth is now the Lord's!</p> <p>2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be<br/>Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!</p> | <p>And, over land and stream and main,<br/>Wave Thou the scepter of Thy reign!</p> <p>3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,<br/>Let host to host the triumph tell,<br/>That not one rebel heart remains,<br/>But over all the Saviour reigns!</p> |
|---|---|

Mrs. Vokes. 1816.

# Anison.

315 LYONS. 10, 10, 11, 11.

F. J. HAYDN. (1732—1809.)

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a - broad His

won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of Je - sus ex - tol;

*Ped.*

His king - dom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all. A - men.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
And still He is nigh—His presenee we have;  
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne,  
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,  
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never-ceasing for infinite Love.

# Anison.

316 HANOVER. 10, 10, 11, 11.

W. CROFT. (1678—1727.)

1. Oh, wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove; Oh, grate-ful-ly sing His  
2. Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace! Whose robe is the light, whose

pow'r and His love; Our shield and de-fend-er, the An-cient of Days,  
can-o-o-py, space. His char-iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds form,

Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise. A-men.  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

- 3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills, it descends from the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.  
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 5 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

# Anison.

317 DULCE CARMEN. 8s, 7s. 6l.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Lead us heav'n - ly Fa - ther, lead us, O'er the world's tem - pes - tuous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

Yet pos - sess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If . . our God our Fa - ther be. A - men.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
 All our weakness Thou dost know;  
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;  
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
 Love with every passion blending,  
 Pleasure that can never cloy;  
 Thus, provided, pardoned, guided,  
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

# Unison.

318 INNSBRÜCK. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

H. ISAAC, c. 1490.

1. O Lord, how hap - py should we be If we could cast our care on Thee,

If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a - bove

In per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, Is work - ing for the best. A - men.

2 How far from this our daily life,  
Ever disturbed by anxious strife.  
By sudden wild alarms;  
Oh, could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thine Almighty arms!

3 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers,  
Make them from self to cease,  
Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before him lying still,  
E'en in affliction, peace.

# Unison.

319

HEINLEIN. 7s.

P. HEINLEIN. 1677.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour,

bend Thine ear; Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh;

Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear. A - - men.

2 Father, save me from my sin;  
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;  
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;  
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;  
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;  
Spirit, come my heart to move:  
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou  
One Jehovah, shed abroad  
All Thy grace within me now;  
Be my Father and my God.

H. Bonar. 1843.

# Anison.

320 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. ZEUNER. 1839.

1. Ye Chris - tian her - alds, go pro - claim Sal - va - tion thro' Em-

man - - uel's name; To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear,

And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there. A - men.

- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
 With flaming zeal your breast inspire,  
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
 And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
 Then we shall meet to part no more;  
 Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,  
 And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

# Unison.

321 SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH, c. 1770.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your

ar - mor.. on; Strong in the strength which God..

sup - plies, Thro' His... e - ter - nal Son. A - men.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued,

And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,  
And all our conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last.

C. Wesley. 1749. Ab.



# Anison.

322 WINCHESTER, OLD. C. M.

ESTE'S PSALTER. 1592.

1. The God of peace, who from the dead Brought

up a - gain our Lord, And thro' the cov - 'nant

of His blood, Our souls to peace re - stored, A - men.

2 Confirm our hearts in each good work,  
To do His perfect will;  
That, made well pleasing in His sight,  
Our course with joy we fill.

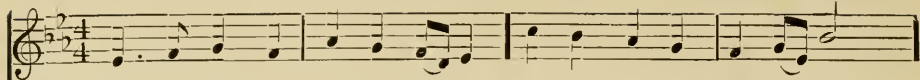
3 So shall we, in His heavenly courts,  
Hereafter, ever live;  
And to His name, through Jesus Christ,  
Eternal glory give.

# Unison.

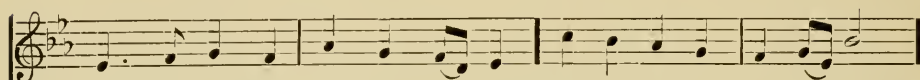
323

AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. 8l.

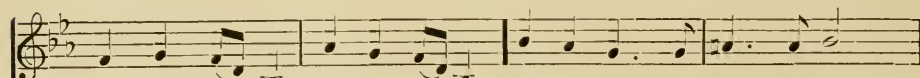
F. J. HAYDN. 1797.



1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire a - pear

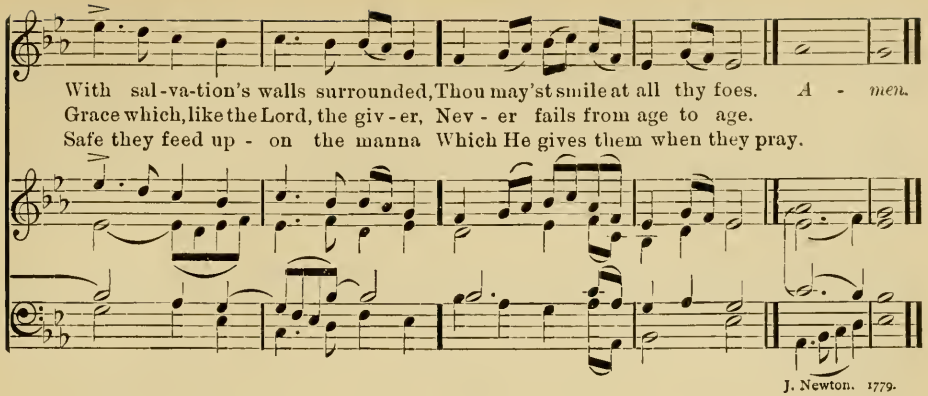


He whose word can - not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;  
Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move.  
For a glo - ry and a cov-ning, Show - ing that the Lord is near;



On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose?  
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as-suage,  
Thus de - riv - ing from their banner, Light by night and shade by day,

# Unison.

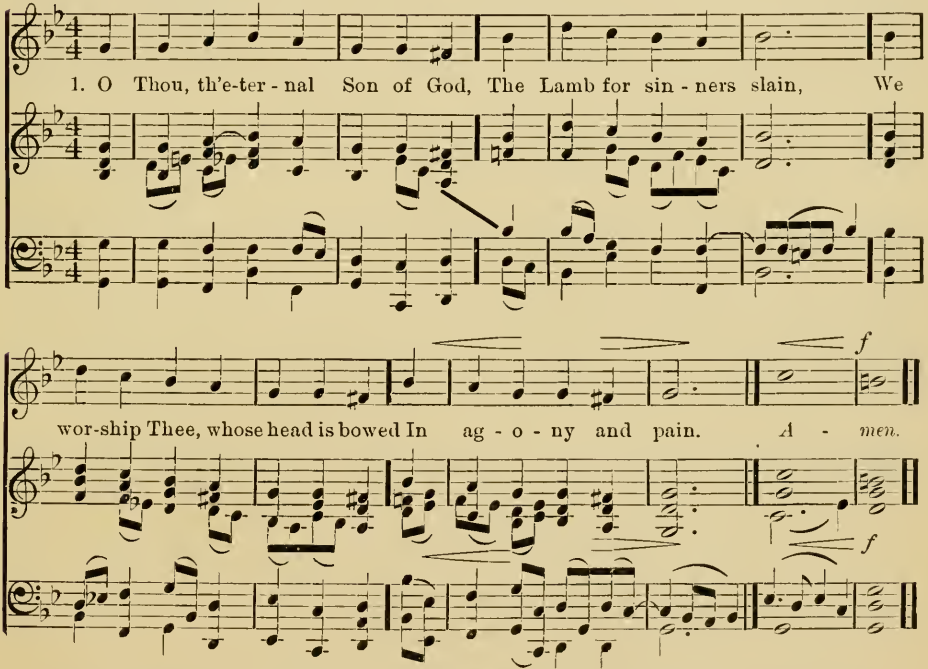


With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A - men.  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Safe they feed up - on the manna Which He gives them when they pray.

J. Newton. 1779.

## 324 WINDSOR. C. M.

G. KIRBYE. 1592.



1. O Thou, th'e-ter-nal Son of God, The Lamb for sin - ners slain, We  
 wor-ship Thee, whose head is bowed In ag - o - ny and pain. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 None tread with Thee Thine awful path,<br/>             Thou sufferest alone ;<br/>             Thine is the perfect sacrifice<br/>             Which only can atone.</p>      | <p>4 The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe<br/>             This is the lightest part ;<br/>             Our sin it is which pierces Thee,<br/>             And breaks Thy sacred heart.</p> |
| <p>3 Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-robcs<br/>             To-day are laid aside,<br/>             And human sorrows, Son of Man,<br/>             Thy Godhead seem to hide.</p> | <p>5 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,<br/>             Will truest, Lord, abide ;<br/>             Make Thou that cross our only hope,<br/>             O Jesus crucified !</p>     |

# Unison.

325 DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON, c. 1790.

1. O God, be - neath Thy.. guid - ing.. hand, Our ex - iled

Fa - thers crossed the sea, And when they trod the.. win - try..

strand, With pray'er and psalm they wor - ship'd Thee. A - - men.

- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer :  
     Thy blessing came : and still its power  
     Shall onward, through all ages, bear  
     The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
     Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;  
     And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
     The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here Thy name, O God of Love,  
     Their children's children shall adore,  
     Till these eternal hills remove,  
     And spring adorns the earth no more.

# Unison.

326

SEASONS. L. M.

I. J. PLEVEL. (1757-1831.)

1. Lord God of Hosts, by all... a - dored! Thy name we

praise with one... ac - cord; The earth and heav'n's are

full.... of.. Thee, Thy light, Thy love, Thy maj - es - ty. A - men.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name  
Angels and seraphim proclaim;  
Eternal praise to Thee is given  
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,  
The prophets aid to swell the song,  
The noble and triumphant host  
Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place  
Throughout the world exalts Thy praise;  
Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,  
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honor Thee;  
Thy name we worship and adore,  
World without end for evermore.

# Unison.

327 ST. ALBAN. 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain.

From F. J. HAYDN. (1732-1809.)

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav - ing  
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with  
 3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us

wan - d'ers on - ward To their home on high. Journeying o'er the  
 hearts re - joic - ing See Thy chil - dren meet: Oft - en have we  
 on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - ery foe: Bid Thine an - gels

des - ert, Glad - ly there we pray... And with hearts u - nit - ed,  
 left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray;.. Keep us, might-y Sav - iour,  
 shield us When the storm-clouds lower,.. Par - don, Lord, and save us

# Anison.

## Refrain.

Take our heav'n-ward way.  
In the nar - row way.  
In the last dread hour. } 1-3. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the

*ten.* *f*  
*Ped.* *Sves.....*

sky, Wav-ing on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high. A - men.

T. J. Potter. 1860. *Ad.*

## 328 VARINA. C. M. D.

Authorship unknown.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor - tal reign;

# Anison.

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with'ring flow'rs;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'nly land from ours. A - men.

2 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.  
But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unobscured eyes: -  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore.



## Anison.

329 TRAUIGKEIT. P. M.

OLD GERMAN.

1. O hour of doom, Of heart - felt gloom, Why should there  
2. Men's sin - ful deed Has made to bleed The in - - no -

not be sigh - - ing? Soon shall God the Fa - ther's  
cent, the low - - ly, Lest the wrath of right - eous -

Son In the tomb be ly - - ing. A - men.  
ness Fall on heads un - ho - - ly.

3 The Bridegroom see  
On Calvary,  
O bride of Christ is bleeding;  
On the Altar-cross for thee  
Hear Him interceding!

4 The lips, whence sped  
Life to the dead,  
Silence now are keeping;  
Let the crowd about the Cross  
Watch with wail and weeping.

5 O happy he  
Who constantly  
Thinks, with tears unnumbered,  
How the very Lord of lords  
'Neath the death-pall slumbered.

6 O Jesu blest,  
My Hope, my Rest!  
Grant, with tears I pray Thee,  
I may live and I may die  
Yearning to obey Thee!

# Unison.

330

GAUDEAMUS. 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6.

OLD GERMAN.

1. { To Thee we raise re - joic - - ing Thro' all our earth - ly days, }  
 { When morn-ing lights the heav - - ens Our sac - ri - fice of praise; }

God hon - ored and a - dored! Be - fore Thy throne we gath - - er,

And hail the heav'n-ly fa - - ther Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

2 Thou, through the hours of darkness,  
 Up to the dawning day,  
 Hast kept Thy chosen servants  
 From peril and dismay ;  
 Forgive the trespass past,  
 And, in Thy wrath relenting,  
 O number us, repenting,  
 Among Thy saints at last.

3 O be our strong defender,  
 While daylight fills the sky,  
 From every wile of Satan,  
 From crime and infamy ;

From flame and tempest's breath ;  
 From want, from bitter trial ;  
 From friendship's base denial  
 From unrepentant death.

4 Thy counsels would we follow,  
 Whose wisdom none can know.  
 O bless our feeble struggles  
 To serve Thee here below ;  
 Do Thou our homes defend,  
 O Lord of hosts, watch o'er us,  
 Pillar of fire before us  
 Until our journey's end.

# Anison.

331 AUFERSTEHEN. 9, 6, 11, 4.

OLD GERMAN.

1. This my dust, aft - er a brief re - pose. Shall

rise as Christ a - rose; For He who made it, In

end - less life ar - rayed it. Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men.

2 After death follows life's breath and bloom;  
The harvest's Lord shall come,  
No sheaf neglecting; us, the dead, collecting,  
Into God's home.

3 Tears of joy, after sad tears succeed  
When God's day comes indeed;

Death's slumber ended, with Thy Lord ascended,  
In heaven awake.

4 We shall be like unto those that dream,  
'Neath that soft morning beam;  
On that bright morrow, the pilgrim-song of sorrow,  
Shall die away.

# Unison.

332

MORGENSTERN. P. M.

OLD GERMAN. 1599.

1. How glo - rious is the morn - ing star, What light from  
 2. On earth the sol - ace that I love, My rec - om -

Je - sus stream a - far, God's place in heav'n dis - cern - ing;  
 pense in realms a - bove, Lord Christ in heav - en reign - ing;

We wor - ship and in won - der pray, It sweeps the  
 All glo - ry be to Thee and praise, My Lord and

## Unison.

dark - ling clouds a - way From souls for wis - dom yearn - ing,  
King, through end - less days To Thee all gifts con - tain - ing;

And ev - er brings New cre - a - tion, strong sal - va - tion,  
For Thou dost yield Com - fort speed - y to the need - y,

ev - 'ry bless - ing To the souls their Lord con - fess - ing. A - men.  
who hast giv - en Life to all, true Bread of Heav - en.

3 Thou my desire, my refuge art!  
Then kindle deep within my heart  
A loving ardor lowly,  
A burning zeal that counts as loss  
A life unburdened by the Cross,  
And deems all suffering holy;  
My Saviour Christ,  
Should I take Thee, nor forsake Thee as my Master?  
Save my soul from sin's disaster.

E. Wilson.

# Anison.

333

WARTBURG. 9s, 8s. 81.

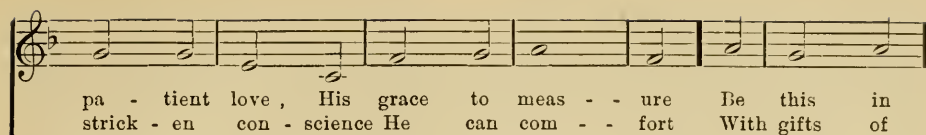
OLD GERMAN. 1704.

1. How vast is God the Fa - ther's good - ness, How read - y  
 2. 'Tis He who won - der - ful - ly made us, Tho' need - ing

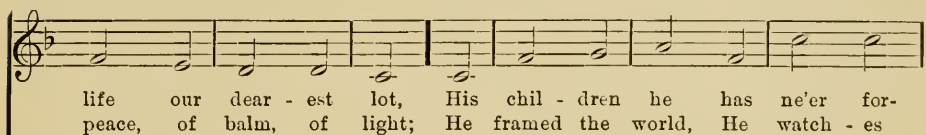
is our God to bless, What heart too har - den'd to ac -  
 not our hu - man aid; And thro' life's wil - der - ness has

knowl - edge And thank Him for His ten - der - ness, His  
 guid - ed, The sons Om - nip - o - tence has made; The

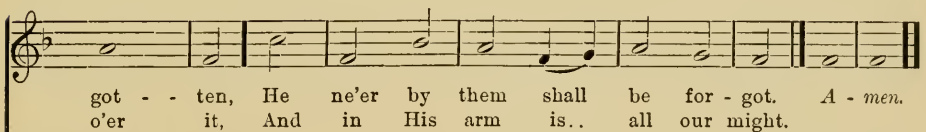
# Anison.



pa - tient love, His grace to meas - - ure Be this in  
strick - en con - science He can com - - fort With gifts of

life our dear - est lot, His chil - dren he has ne'er for -  
peace, of balm, of light; He framed the world, He watch - es

got - - ten, He ne'er by them shall be for - got. A - men.  
o'er it, And in His arm is.. all our might.



3 Then let mankind their Maker honor,  
His goodness in their lives survey;  
If He should call, who will not follow?  
And hasten when He points the way?  
Upon our hearts His Will be written,  
Nor from our minds His memory fade -  
O love Him for His loving kindness;  
And love the brethren He has made.

# Anison.

334 ERFURT. P. M.

OLD GERMAN.

1. God the King most won - - drous! Rul - ing ev - ery  
 2. Shout a - loud thou heav - - en! Laud and hon - or

na - - tion, Hear our praise and ad - o - ra - tion;  
 bring - - ing, Let Him hear the voice of sing - ing,

Thou who send - est on us, From Thy Ho - ly  
 Praise your high Cre - a - - tor O thou son, whose



## Unison.

mount - - ain, Grace re - fresh - ing as a fount - - ain;  
splen - - dor, Tints with col - ors soft and ten - - der,

Reb - els oft have we been; Now sub - mis - sive  
Hills of earth, vales of earth— Moon, and stars in

bend - - ing Raise we songs un - end - ing. A - men.  
sta - - tion, Join the ac - clam - a - - tion.

3 Thou my soul be ready,  
To thy God expressing  
Glory, honor, praise and blessing:  
All mankind shall laud Him,  
And with hymns adore Him,  
Falling in the dust before Him:  
God of Hosts, King of men!  
Praise to Him be given  
Both in earth and heaven.

4 Sing ye Hallelujah  
Thus His power proclaiming,  
With the Son the Father naming;  
Sing ye Hallelujah!  
Ever it is meetest  
Christ who love should sing the sweetest;  
Soon in heaven ye shall stand  
Sinless there to meet Him,  
And with anthems greet Him

# Unison.

335 KÖNIGSEE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

OLD GERMAN. 15th Century.

1. { A - - cross the sky.. the shades of night  
 We deck Thine al - tar, Lord, with light,

This win - ter's eve are fleet - - - ing, {  
 In sol - emn wor - ship meet - - - ing. }

And as the year's last hours go by,

# Anison.

The musical score is arranged in two systems. Each system consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "We lift to Thee our ear - - nest cry, Once more Thy love en - - treat - - - ing. A - men."

2 Before the Cross, subdued we bow,  
 To Thee our pray'rs addressing;  
 Recounting all Thy mercies now,  
 And all our sins confessing;  
 Beseeching Thee, this coming year  
 To hold us in Thy faith and fear,  
 And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes  
 To dear ones gone before us,  
 Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,  
 Whose peace descendeth o'er us:  
 And beg of Thee, when life is past,  
 To re-unite us all, at last,  
 And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,  
 The memory of Thy mercies:  
 Thy wondrous goodness, love, and pow'r,  
 Our grateful song rehearses:  
 For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay,  
 In many a dark and dreary day  
 Of sorrow and reverses.

5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,  
 Like evil spells have bound us,  
 And clouds were gathering overhead,  
 Thy Providence hath found us:  
 In many a night when waves ran high,  
 Thy gracious Presence drawing nigh  
 Hath made all calm around us.

6 Then, O great God, in years to come,  
 Whatever fate betide us,  
 Right onward through our journey home  
 Be Thou at hand to guide us;  
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,  
 Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,  
 Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

# Unison.

336

SUHL. 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7.

OLD GERMAN.

1. Up, my... soul, and watch and pray, See thy  
 2. Lin - ger... not in i - dle dreams; Up! from

lamp be burn - ing! Sud - den - ly the dread - ful day  
 sin a - wak - en; Lest by.. morn - ing's sud - den beams

Comes with Christ re - turn - ing. Saints may fail, at the  
 Thou be o - ver - tak - en. Judg - ment morn, morn of

# Anison.

last,      Though      the      world.....      is      sleep - ing,  
doom,      Brings      thy      con - - -      dem - na - tion,

Thou      thy      watch      be      keep - ing.      A - men.  
Or      thy      soul's      sal - va - tion.

3 Strive the world, the hosts of sin,  
    'Neath their yoke infernal,  
Thee and all the saints to win—  
    Heirs of life eternal.  
Watch and pray! turn to God  
From the world's deceiving,  
In His grace believing.

4 Tireless watch, and tireless pray,  
    Ask of God, the Giver,  
That from sloth by night and day  
    He thy life deliver;  
'Tis His grace, gives thee power  
Sin and pleasure scorning  
To await the morning.

E. Wilson.

# Unison.

337 RUDOLFSTADT. 9, 8, 9, 8, 10, 8.

OLD GERMAN.

1. { Who knows how soon my life is end - ing? For time is  
The part - ing pang may soon be rend - ing My bo - som

fleet - ing, death is near, } My God, my God, thro' Je - su's  
in that hour of fear.

blood I pray, Breathe peace up - on life's clos - ing day. A - men.

2 How swift, between the day's bright  
dawning [dread;  
And night, may come the moment  
Life-long I listen to the warning:  
"Thou must be numbered with the  
dead." [pray,  
My God, my God, thro' Jesu's blood I  
Breathe peace upon life's closing day!

3 Lord! teach me on that dark to-morrow,  
When once for all the summons sounds,

For these black sins of mine to sorrow,  
And refuge find in Jesu's wounds.  
My God, my God, thro' Jesu's blood I pray,  
Breathe peace upon life's closing day!

4 My house of life in order setting,  
In watch and prayer my course I run;  
And say all else, but Thee forgetting:  
"It is the Lord—His will be done."  
My God, my God, thro' Jesu's blood I pray,  
Breathe peace upon life's closing day!

E. Wilson.

# Anison.

338

WEIMAR. L. M.

J. S. BACH.

1. O... Thou to Whose all-searching sight The dark-ness shin-eth

as the light, Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;

O burst these bonds, and set it free. A - men.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the Cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:  
O let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

N. L. Zinzendorf. 1721. Tr. J. Wesley. 1738.

# Anison.

339

EISENACH. L. M.

OLD GERMAN.

1. O Thou, Who hast at Thy com - mand The hearts of

all men in Thy hand, Our way - ward, err - ing hearts in-

cline To have no oth - er will but Thine. A - men.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;  
Mold every purpose of the soul;  
O'er all may we victorious prove  
That stands between us and Thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,  
When we can look thro' them to Thee;

When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to Thy glory live,  
May we to Thee all glory give,  
Until the final summons come,  
That calls Thy willing servants home.

Mrs. M. J. Cotterill. 1813.



# Anison.

340 DORIC. L. M. With Hallelujah.

NICHOLAS HERMANN. 11561.

1. Now, bright - ly dawns the Lord's own day, And care and sor - row,  
 2. Yes! Christ has tri - umphed, and in vain Shall sin and sor - row,

flee a - way; For Christ has ris - en from the dead; Lo!  
 death and pain The trem - bling soul of man ap - pal; For

all His foes are cap - tive led. Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men.  
 Christ has o - ver - come them all. Hal - le - lu - jah.

2 At last his spoils must death forego,  
 For life has beaten back the foe;  
 All ended is his dismal reign;  
 And life in Christ returns again.  
 Hallelujah!

3 Shout, shout aloud in rapture high  
 Your hallelujah to the sky;  
 Exalting for His steadfast word  
 The Saviour Christ our King and Lord.  
 Hallelujah!

# Unison.

341 BONN. 8, 3, 3, 6. 81.

J. G. EBELING. (1620—1676.)

1. All my heart this night re - joice - - es, As I hear, Far and near,  
2. Hark! a voice from yon - der man - ger, Soft and sweet, Doth en - treat,

Sweet - est an - gel - voice - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,  
"Flee from woe and dan - ger! Breth-ren, come! from all doth grieve you,

Till the air Ev - 'ry where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.  
You are freed; All you need I will sure - ly give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!  
Here let all,  
Great and small,  
Kneel in awe and wonder!  
Love Him Who with love is yearning!  
Hail the Star,  
That from far  
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,  
Live to Thee,  
And with Thee  
Dying, shall not perish;  
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,  
For on high,  
In the joy  
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt. 1656. Tr. C. Winkworth. 1858.

# Unison.

342

AMERICA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

H. CAREY. 1743.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills; Thy woods and

pil - grim's pride, From ev - ery mount - ain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.  
tem - pled hills, My heart with rapt - ure thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

# Unison.

343 PRINCETON. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 10.

H. W. NICHOLL. b. 1843.

*f* *Molto maestoso.*

1. O Thou whose bound-less love be-stows The joy of life, the  
 2. Grant us the knowledge that we need To solve the ques-tions

*f*

Ped.

hope of heav'n; Thou whose un-chart-ered mer-cy flows O'er  
 of the mind; Light Thou our can-dle while we read, And

all the bless-ings Thou hast giv'n; Thou, by whose light a-  
 keep our hearts from go-ing blind; En-large our vi-sion

*rall.* *a tempo. con maesta.*

*rall.* *a tempo. con maesta.*

# Anison.

lone we see; Thou, by whose truth our souls set free  
to be - hold The won - ders Thou hast wrought of old;

*rinforz.* *rall.*

Are made im - per - ish - a - bly strong; Hear Thou the sol - emn  
Re - veal Thy - self in ev - 'ry law, And gild the tow'rs of

*f a tempo.* *molto rinforz.*

mu - sic of our..... song. A - men...  
truth with ho - ly..... awe.

*molto rall.* *ff* *f* *Adagio.* *ff*

3 Be Thou our strength when war's wild gust  
Rages around us, loud and fierce;  
Confirm our souls and let our trust  
Be like a wall that none can pierce;  
Give us the courage that prevails,  
The steady faith that never fails,  
Help us to stand in every fight,  
Firm as a fortress to defend the right.

4 O God, make us what Thou wilt;  
Guide Thou the labor of our hand;  
Let all our work be surely built  
As Thou, the architect, hast planned:  
But whatsoever Thy power shall make  
Of these frail lives, do not forsake  
Thy dwelling. Let Thy presence rest  
For ever in the temple of our breast.

# Unison.

344 MOSCOW. 10s.

A. LWOFF. 1833.



1. Rise, crown'd with light, . . im - pe - rial Sa - lem rise; Ex - alt thy  
2. See a long race . . thy spa - cious courts a - dorn: See fu - ture



tow - ring head and lift thine eyes; See, heav'n its spark - ling portals  
sons, and daughters yet un - born, In crowding ranks on ev - ery



wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of - day. A - men.  
side a - rise, De - mand - ing . . life, im - pa - tient for the skies.



3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope. 1720.

# Anison.

345 HEIDELBERG. L. M.

OLD GERMAN.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and

com - fort from a - bove; Be Thou our guar - dian, Thou our

guide, O'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side. A - men.

2 The light of truth to us display,  
That we may know and choose our way;  
Plant holy fear within each heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from His pastures stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to God; our final rest,  
In His enjoyment to be blest;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

# Anison.

346 WACHET AUF. P. M.

OLD GERMAN. 1599.

1. { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing: The  
 { Mid - night's sol - emn hour is toll - ing: His

This system contains the first six measures of the piece. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The music is in common time (C) and begins with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with a large brace grouping the first two lines of text under the first six measures.

watch - man on the heights are cry - - ing, A -  
 char - iot - wheels are near - er roll - - ing; He

This system contains the next six measures. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with a descending eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise! } Rise up, with  
 comes; pre - pare, ye vir - gins wise. }

This system contains the final six measures of the piece. The vocal line concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with a large brace grouping the two lines of text under the final six measures.



# Anison.

will - ing feet, Go forth, the Bride - groom meet:

Al - le - lu - - ia! Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd

light, Speed forth to join the mar - riage rite. A - men.

2 Zion hears the watchman singing,  
Her heart with deep delight is springing,  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;  
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,  
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious.

Her star is risen, her light is come:

All hail, Incarnate Lord,  
Our crown, and our reward!  
Alleluia!

We haste along in pomp of song,  
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,  
And men and angels sing before Thee,  
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.

By the pearly gates in wonder  
We stand and swell the voice of thunder,  
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.

No vision ever brought,  
No ear hath ever caught,  
Such bliss and joy:

We raise the song, we swell the throng,  
To praise Thee ages all along.

# Unison.

347

REFUGE. C. M.

OLD GERMAN.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our  
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy

hope for years to come. Our shel - ter from the..  
 saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is Thine

storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.  
 arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away:  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
 And our eternal home.

# Anison.

348

CLOSE. L. M.

OLD GERMAN.

1. Al - might - y Fa - ther, bless the word Which through Thy

grace we now have heard; O may the pre - cious seed take

root, Spring up, and bear a - bun - dant fruit. .1 - men.

2 We praise Thee for the means of grace  
 Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:  
 Grant, Lord, that we who worship here  
 May all, at last, in heaven appear.

Anon.

# Unison.

349 BABYLON. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8, 7.

OLD GERMAN. 1525.

1. { A Lamb has come on earth to bear The  
And pa - tient - ly a - tone for man By

guilt of ev - 'ry na - tion, } He calm - ly  
death and des - o - la - tion.

treads the dol - 'rous path, And si - lent bears His

# Unison.

mur-d'ers' wrath, Gives up the pow'r He wield - - ed; He

does not shrink from loss and pain But life it - self for

sin - ners' gain Thro' love of us has yield - ed. A - men.

2 'Tis Jesus Christ, our only Friend,  
Thus saves us from perdition,  
Obedient on the Cross He dies  
To win our guilt's remission.

O wondrous love! O mighty love!  
That God the King of heaven above  
His only Son thus gave us,  
That He, the Lord of Life and Light,  
Should yield to death's o'ermastr'ing  
And shed His blood to save us. [might, ♯

3 No baser thought, while life shall last  
From memory shall efface Thee;  
As Thy strong love encompassed me—  
See now my heart embrace Thee:  
Henceforth Thou shalt my glory be;  
In this weak soul a captive see!

Whom naught from Thee shall sever;  
And when I draw my parting breath,  
And close at last my eyes in death,  
Be Thou my life for ever.

# Unison.

350

BREMEN. L. M. 61.

GEORG NEUMARK. (1621—1681.)

1. } Leave God to or - der all thy ways,..... And hope in  
 Thou'lt find Him, in the e - vil days,..... Thine all - suf-

Him what e'er be - tide } Who trusts in God's un - chang - ing love  
 fi - cient strength and guide; }

Builds on the rock that naught can move! A - men.

- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still,  
 And wait in cheerful hope, content  
 To take whate'er His gracious will,  
 His all-discerning love hath sent;  
 Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
 To Him who chose us for His own.
- 3 He knows when joyful hours are best,  
 He sends them as He sees it meet,  
 When thou hast borne the fiery test,  
 And now art freed from all deceit,  
 He comes to thee all unaware,  
 And makes thee own His loving care.

- 4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways;  
 But do thine own part faithfully.  
 Trust His rich promises of grace,  
 So shall they be fulfilled in thee.  
 God never yet forsook at need  
 The soul that trusted Him indeed.

# CHANTS, CANTICLES, Etc.

## MORNING CANTICLES.

### VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

1. T. TALLIS. 2. T. PURCELL.

3. Dr. BOYCE.

4. Dr. R. WOODWARD.

- 1 O come, let us *sing* | unto ' the | Lord, || let us heartily *rejoice* in the | strength of | our  
sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before His presence with | thanks- ' — | giving, || and show ourselves |  
glad in | Him with | psalms.
- 3 For the *Lord* is a | great ' — | God, || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In His hand are all the *corners* | of the | earth, || and the *strength* of the | hills is |  
His ' — | also.
- 5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it, || and His *hands* pre- | pared the | dry ' — | land.
- 6 O come, let us *worship* and | fall ' — | down, || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our |  
Maker.
- 7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God, || and we are the people of His pasture \* *and* the |  
sheep of | His ' — | hand.
- 8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty ' of | holiness, || let the whole *earth* | stand in |  
awe of | Him.
- \*9 For *He* cometh, for *He* cometh to | judge the | earth, || and with righteousness to judge  
the *world*, and the | people | with His | truth.  
Glory be to the *Father*, | and ' to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. ' — |  
A- ' — | men.

# Chants, Canticles, Etc.

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Verses 1-15 and 24-29.

H. LAWES.

1

Verses 16-23.

R. COOKE.

Verses 1-15 and 24-29.

J. GOSS.

2

Verses 16-23.

W. P. PROPERT.

- 1 We *praise* | Thee, O | God, || we *acknowledge* | Thee to | be the | Lord.  
 2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee, || *the* | Father | ev-er- | lasting.  
 3 To Thee all *Angels* | cry a- | loud, || the *Heavens*, and | all the | Powers there- | in ;  
 4 To Thee *Cherubim* and | Ser-a- | phim || *con- tin-nal- ly* do | cry,  
 5 *Holy*, | Ho-ly, | Holy, || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth ;  
 6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-es- | ty || *of* | Thy ' - | glo- ' - | ry.  
 7 The glorious *company* | of ' the A- | postles || *praise* | - ' - | - ' - | Thee.  
 8 The goodly *fellowship* | of the | Prophets || *praise* | - ' - | - ' - | Thee.  
 9 The *noble* | army ' of | Martyrs || *praise* | - ' - | - ' - | Thee.  
 10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *doth ac- knowl- ' - | edge ' - | Thee ;*  
 11 *The* | Fa- ' - | ther || *of an* | in- ' finite | Maj-es- | ty :  
 12 *Thine* ad- | ora- ' ble, | true || *and* | on- ' - | - ' ly | Son ;  
 13 *Also* the | Ho-ly | Ghost, || *the* | Com- ' - | fort- ' - | er.  
 14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory, || *O* | - ' - | - ' - | Christ.  
 15 Thou art the *ever- | last-ing* | Son || *of* | - ' the | Fa- ' - | ther.  
 16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man, || Thou didst humble *Thyself* to  
 be | born ' = | of a | Virgin.



## Chants, Canticles, Etc.

- 17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness \* of | death, || Thou didst open the *King-*  
dom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *in* the | glo-ry | of the | Father.
- 19 We *believe* that | Thou shalt | come || *to* be \* — | our \* — | Judge.
- 20 We therefore pray Thee, | help Thy | servants, || whom Thou hast redeemed | with  
Thy | pre-cious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be *numbered* | with Thy | Saints || *in* glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
- 22 O *Lord*, | save Thy | people, || *and* | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
- 23 *Gov-* — | ern | them, || *and* | lift them | up for- | ever.
- 24 *Day* | by \* — | day || *we* | mag-ni- | fy \* — | Thee;
- 25 *And* we | worship \* Thy | Name || *ever* | world with- | out \* — | end.
- 26 *Touch* | safe, O | Lord, || *to keep* us this | day with- | out \* — | sin.
- 27 O *Lord*, have | mercy \* up- | on us, || *have* | mercy \* up- | on \* — | us.
- 28 O Lord, let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on us; || *as* our | trust \* — | is in | Thee
- \*29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted; || *let* me | nev-er | be cou- | founded.

### JUBILATE DEO. Psalm c.

1.

F. A. G. OUSELEY.

2.

E. J. HOPKINS.

3.

T. S. DUPUIS.

4.

H. ALDRICH.

- 1 O be joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands; || serve the Lord with gladness \* and come  
*before* His | pres-ence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the Lord He is God \* it is He that hath made us *and* not | we our-  
selves: || we are His people, *and* the | sheep of | His \* — | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving \* and *into* His | courts with |  
praise: || be thankful unto *Him*, and | speak good | of His | Name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious, \* His *mercy* is | ev-er- | lasting, || and His truth endureth  
from *gener-* | ation \* to | gen-er- | ation.
- Glory be to the *Father*, | and \* to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. \* — |  
A- \* — | men.

# Chants, Canticles, Etc.

BENEDICTUS. St. Luke i, verse 68.

1. W. CROFT.

2. F. A. G. OUSELEY.

3. ANON.

4. W. CROFT.

- 1 Blessèd be the *Lord* | God of, | Israel, || for He hath *visited* | and re- | deemed · His |  
people ;
  - 2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | va-tion | for us, || in the *house* | of His | serv-ant |  
David ;
  - 3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets, || which have *been* | since the |  
world be- | gan :
  - 4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies, || and *from* the | hand of | all that |  
hate us.
  - 5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers, || and to re- | member · His |  
ho-ly | covenant ;
  - 6 To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather | A-bra- | ham, || *that* | He  
would | give · — | us ;
  - 7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* | of our | enemies, || might *serve* | Him with- |  
out · — | fear ;
  - 8 In holiness and *righteous-* | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days · — | of our | life.
  - 9 And thou, Child, shalt be called the *Prophet* | of the | Highest, || for thou shalt go  
before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways ;
  - 10 To give knowledge of *salvation* | unto · His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of  
their | sins,
  - 11 Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high  
hath | visit- · ed | us ;
  - 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness \* and *in* the | shadow · of | death. || and  
to guide our *feet* | into · the | way of | peace.
- Glory be to the *Father*, [ and · to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. · — |  
A · — | men.

# Chants, Canticles, Etc.

## EVENING CANTICLES.

CANTATE DOMINO. Psalm xcvi.

1. J. GOSS. 2. E. F. RIMBAULT.

3. W. SCOTCH. 4. T. S. DUPUIS.

- 1 O sing unto the Lord a | new \* — | song, || for He hath | done \* — | mar- · vellous | things.
  - 2 With His own right hand \* and *with* His | ho-ly | arm; || *hath* He | gotten \* Him- | self the | victory.
  - 3 The Lord *declared* | His sal- | vation; || His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in the | sight \* — | of the | heathen.
  - 4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth *toward* the | house of | Israel; || and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
  - 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord*, | all ye | lands; || *sing*, re- | joice and | give \* — | thanks.
  - 6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp; || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- \* — | giving.
  - 7 With *trumpets* | also \* and | shawms, || O show yourselves *joyful* be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
  - 8 Let the sea make a noise \* and *all* that | there-in | is; || the round *world*, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
  - 9 Let the floods clap their hands \* and let the hills be joyful *together* be- | fore the | Lord; || *for* He | cometh \* to | judge the | earth.
  - 10 With righteousness *shall* He | judge the | world, || *and* the | peo-ple | with \* — | equity.
- Glory be to the *Father*, | and \* to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. \* — ,  
A- \* — | men.

# Chants, Canticles, Etc.

## DEUS MISEREATUR. Psalm lxxvii.

1.

E. J. HOPKINS.

2.

G. J. ELVEY.

3.

BEETHOVEN.

4.

LORD MORNINGTON.

- 1 God be merciful unto | us and | bless us, || and show us the light of His countenance \* and be | merci-ful | un-to | us;
- 2 That Thy way may be | known up- on | earth, || Thy saring | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously \* and govern the | nations ' up- | on ' - | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase, || and God, even our own God, shall | give ' - | us His | blessing.
- \*7 God shall | bless ' - | us, || and all the ends of the | world shall | fear ' - | Him. Glory be to the Father | and ' to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost; As it was in the beginning, \* is now and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end. ' - | A - - | men.

# Chants, Canticles, Etc.

BONUM EST. Psalm xcii.

P. FUSSELL.

1.

R. FARRANT.

2.

J. S. SMITH.

3.

A. BENNETT.

4.

- 1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto ' the | Lord, || and to sing praises *unto* Thy | Name, ' — | O Most | Highest;
- 2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in the | morning, || and of Thy *truth* | in the | night- ' — | season;
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings \* *and* up- | on the | lute; || upon a loud *instru-* ment | and up- | on the | harp.
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works, || and I will rejoice in giving praise for the *oper-* | a-tions | of Thy | hands.  
Glory be to the *Father*, | and ' to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. ' — | A- ' — | men.

# Chants, Canticles, Etc.

BENEDIC ANIMA MEA. Psalm ciii.

1.

W. H. MONK.

2.

J. MEDLEY.

3.

T. NORRIS.

4.

H. HEATHCOTE.

- 1 Praise the *Lord*, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me | praise His | ho-ly |  
Name.
- 2 Praise the *Lord*, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all His | benefits ;
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, || and healeth | all ' — | thine in- | firmities ;
- 4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struc-tion, || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy ' and |  
lov-ing- | kindness.
- 5 O praise the *Lord*, ye angels of His, \* ye that ex- | cel in | strength, || ye that fulfil  
His commandment \* and hearken unto the | voice ' — | of His | word.
- 6 O praise the *Lord*, all | ye His | hosts ; || ye *servants* of | His that | do His | pleasure.
- \*7 O speak good of the *Lord*, all ye works of His \* in all *places* of | His do- | minion : ||  
praise *thou* the | *Lord*, ' — | O my | soul.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | *Son*, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. ' — |  
A - — | men.

# Chants, Canticles, Etc.

MAGNIFICAT. St. Luke i, verse 46.

1.

S. WEBBE.

2.

J. BATTISHILL.

3.

H. SMART.

4.

REV. P. HENLEY.

- 1 My soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord, || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced ' in | God my | Saviour.
- 2 *For* He | hath re- | garded || the lowli- | ness of | His hand- | maiden.
- 3 *For*, be- | hold, from | henceforth || *all* gener- | ations ' shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 *For* He that is *mighty* hath magni- ' fied | me ; || *and* | ho-ly | is His | Name.
- 5 *And* His *mercy* is on | them that | fear Him || *through-* | out all | gen-er- | ations.
- 6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm ; || He hath scattered the proud in the  
imagin- | a-tion | of their | hearts.
- 7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat, || and *hath* ex- | alted ' the | humble  
' and | meek.
- 8 He hath filled the *hungry* with | good ' — | things, || and the *rich* He hath | sent ' — |  
empty ' a- | way.
- \*9 He remembering His *mercy* hath *holpen* His | serv-ant | Israel, || as He promised to  
our forefathers \* *Abraham* | and his | seed for | ever.  
Glory be to the *Father*, | and ' to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. ' — |  
A- ' — | men.

# Chants, Canticles, Etc.

NUNC DIMITTIS. St. Luke ii, verse 29.

ANON.

1.

J. MEDLEY.

2.

R. LANGDON.

3.

W. CROTCH.

4.

1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy *servant* de- | part in | peace, || *ac-* | cord-ing | to Thy | word.

2 For mine | eyes have | seen || Thy — ' sal- | va- ' — | tion,

3 Which Thou | hast pre- | pared || before the | face of | all ' — | people;

4 To be a *light* to | lighten ' the | Gentiles, || and to be the *glory* | of Thy | peo-ple | Israel.

Glory be to the *Father*, | and ' to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. ' — |

A- ' — | men.



# Communion Service.

## THREE RESPONSES TO COMMANDMENTS.

### KYRIE.

J. S. BACH.

1. (1-9.)

*p esp.*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts, in-cline our

*rall.* *p esp.* (10th.)

hearts to keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and

*rall.* *pp*

write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech, be - seech.. Thee.

2. (1-9.)

F. MENDELSSOHN.

*p*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to

# Communion Service.

(10th.)

keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and

write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

3. (1-9.)

R. SCHUMANN.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our

(10th.)

hearts to keep this law. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and

write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech. Thee.

# Communion Service.

## SANCTUS.

JOHN BOWRING. (1792—1872.)

*p* *cresc.*

Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! Lord God of

Sab - a - oth! Heav'n and earth are full, full of Thy glo - ry;

Heav'n and earth are full, .. are full of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to

Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to  
Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, to

Thee, .. to Thee, O Lord. ... Most High!

# Gloria Patri.

## GLORIA PATRI.

BACH.

*f* *dim.*

Glo - ry be..... to the Fa - - ther,

*f* *dim.*

The first system of the musical score for 'Gloria Patri'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Glo - ry be..... to the Fa - - ther,' are written below the treble staff. The system concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a fermata.

*f* *dim.*

and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly.... Ghost;

*f* *dim.*

The second system of the musical score. It continues from the first system. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly.... Ghost;' are written below the treble staff. The system concludes with a *dim.* marking and a fermata.

*f* *f*

As it was in the be - gin - - ning, is now, and

*f* *f*

The third system of the musical score. It continues from the second system. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'As it was in the be - gin - - ning, is now, and' are written below the treble staff. The system concludes with a *f* (forte) marking and a fermata.

*dim.* *pp*

ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

*dim.* *pp*

The fourth and final system of the musical score. It continues from the third system. The treble staff has a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.' are written below the treble staff. The system concludes with a *dim.* marking and a *pp* (pianissimo) marking.

# Gloria Patri.

GLORIA PATRI,

UNISON.

BACH

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the

The first system of the musical score for 'Gloria Patri'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and common time, and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal line begins with a fermata over the first measure. The lyrics 'Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the' are written below the vocal staff.

Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin -

The second system of the musical score. It continues with three staves. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure. The lyrics 'Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin -' are written below the vocal staff.

ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

The third and final system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure. The lyrics 'ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.' are written below the vocal staff.

# Easter Day.

EASTER DAY.

[To be sung instead of *Venite exultemus Domino.*]

W. SAVAGE.

1.

2.

Dr. ARNOLD.

3.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

4.

J. TURLE.

1 CHRIST our Passover is *sacri-* | *ficed* \* for | us; || *therefore* | let us | keep the | feast,

2 Not with old leaven, \* neither with the *leaven* of | malice \* and | wickedness, || but with the unleavened *bread* of *sin-* | *cer-i-* | *ty* and | truth.—1 *Cor.* v : 7.

3 CHRIST being raised from the *dead* | dieth \* no | more; || death hath no *more* do- | min-ion | o-ver | Him.

4 For in that He died \* He *died* unto | sin \* — | once; || but in that He *liveth*, He | liv-eth | un-to | God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be *dead* indeed | un-to | sin, || but alive unto *God* through | Je-sus | Christ our | Lord.—*Rom.* vi : 9.

6 CHRIST is *risen* | from \* the | dead, || and become the *first* | fruits of | them that | slept.

7 For *since* by | man came | death, || by man came also the *resur-* | *rec-tion* | of the | dead.

8 For as in *Adam*, | all \* — | die; || even so in *Christ* shall | all be | made a- | live.—1 *Cor.* xv : 20.

Glory be to the *Father*, | and \* to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. \* — | A \* — | men.

# Burial of the Dead.

1. Rev. W. FELTON. 2. Dr. E. G. MONK.

3. T. MORLEY.

4. GOSS-BEETHOVEN.

- 1 Lord, let me know mine end \* and the *number* | of my | days, || that I may be cer-  
tified how | long I | have to | live.
- 2 Behold, Thou hast made my days as it *were* a | span ' — | long, || and mine age is  
even as nothing in respect of Thee, \* and verily every man *living* is | al-to- |  
geth-er | vanity.
- 3 For man walketh in a vain shadow \* and *disquieteth* him- | self in | vain; || he  
heapeth up riches, and *cannot* tell | who shall | gath-er | them.
- 4 And now, *Lord*, what | is my | hope? || *truly* my | hope is | even ' in | Thee.
- 5 Deliver me from *all* | mine of- | fences, || and make me *not* a re- | buke ' — , unto  
the | foolish.
- 6 When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, \* Thou makest his beauty to  
consume away \* like as it were a *moth* | fretting ' a | garment; || *every* man |  
there-fore | is but | vanity.
- 7 Hear my prayer, O Lord, \* and with Thine *ears* con- | sider ' my | calling; || *hold*  
not Thy | peace ' — | at my | tears :
- 8 For I am a stranger with *Thee* | and a | sojourner, || *as* | all my | fa-thers | were.
- \*9 O spare me a little \* that I may re- | cover ' my | strength; || before I go *hence* | and  
be | no more | seen.
- Glory be to the *Father*, | and ' to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, \* is *now* and | ev-er | shall be, || *world* without | end. ' — |  
A- ' — | men.

# Gloria Patri.

## GLORIA PATRI.

1.

Dr. W. HAVES.

Musical score for Gloria Patri, No. 1 by Dr. W. Haves. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The music is a simple harmonic exercise with chords and some moving lines.

2.

W. RUSSELL.

Musical score for Gloria Patri, No. 2 by W. Russell. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The music is a simple harmonic exercise with chords and some moving lines.

3.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Musical score for Gloria Patri, No. 3 by E. J. Hopkins. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is a simple harmonic exercise with chords and some moving lines.

4.

P. HUMPHREYS.

Musical score for Gloria Patri, No. 4 by P. Humphreys. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The music is a simple harmonic exercise with chords and some moving lines.

5.

SOAPER.

Musical score for Gloria Patri, No. 5 by Soaper. It consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is a simple harmonic exercise with chords and some moving lines.



# Gloria Patri.

GLORIA PATRI.—Concluded.

6.

W. RUSSELL.

Musical notation for Gloria Patri No. 6, measures 1-6. The score is in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Musical notation for Gloria Patri No. 6, measures 7-12. The melody continues with a quarter note C, a quarter note B, and a quarter note A. The bass staff continues with harmonic accompaniment.

7.

R. COOKE.

Musical notation for Gloria Patri No. 7, measures 1-6. The score is in G minor and 3/4 time. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff provides harmonic support.

Musical notation for Gloria Patri No. 7, measures 7-12. The melody continues with a quarter note C, a quarter note B, and a quarter note A. The bass staff continues with harmonic accompaniment.

8.

J. BARNBY.

Musical notation for Gloria Patri No. 8, measures 1-6. The score is in G major and 3/4 time. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The bass staff provides harmonic support.

Musical notation for Gloria Patri No. 8, measures 7-12. The melody continues with a quarter note C, a quarter note B, and a quarter note A. The bass staff continues with harmonic accompaniment.

# Selection of Single Chants.

GLORIA PATRI, CANTICLES, PSALMS, Etc.

1.

Dr. ALDRICH.

Musical notation for chant 1, Dr. Aldrich. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a series of chords and a few moving notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

2.

GOODSON.

Musical notation for chant 2, Goodson. The piece is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a series of chords and a few moving notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

3.

Dr. COOKE.

Musical notation for chant 3, Dr. Cooke. The piece is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a series of chords and a few moving notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

4.

R. BACON.

Musical notation for chant 4, R. Bacon. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a series of chords and a few moving notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

5.

W. TUCKER.

Musical notation for chant 5, W. Tucker. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a series of chords and a few moving notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

6.

TONUS PEREGRINUS.

Musical notation for chant 6, Tonus Peregrinus. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a series of chords and a few moving notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

# Selection of Single Chants.

GLORIA PATRI, Etc.—Concluded.

7.

Dr. T. A. WALMSLEY.

8.

OLD MELODY.

9.

H. PURCELL.

10.

G. A. MACFARREN.

11.

J. HINDLE.

12.

T. PURCELL.

# Selection of Double Chants.

GLORIA PATRI, CANTICLES, PSALMS, Etc.

1.

Dr. CAMIDGE.

The first system of the first chant consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains several measures of music, including chords and a melodic line. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains chords and a melodic line.

The second system of the first chant continues the two-staff format. It features similar chordal and melodic structures as the first system.

2.

J. Goss.

The first system of the second chant consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. It contains chords and a melodic line. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains chords and a melodic line.

The second system of the second chant continues the two-staff format with similar chordal and melodic structures.

3.

Dr GARRETT.

The first system of the third chant consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains chords and a melodic line. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains chords and a melodic line.

The second system of the third chant continues the two-staff format with similar chordal and melodic structures.

# Selection of Double Chants.

GLORIA PATRI, Etc.—Concluded.

4.

FITZHERBERT.

First system of musical notation for piece 4. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is primarily chordal, with some melodic lines in the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation for piece 4. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music continues with chordal textures and some melodic movement in the treble staff.

5.

R. P. GOODENOUGH.

First system of musical notation for piece 5. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is primarily chordal, with some melodic lines in the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation for piece 5. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The music continues with chordal textures and some melodic movement in the treble staff.

6.

GREGORY.

First system of musical notation for piece 6. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is primarily chordal, with some melodic lines in the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation for piece 6. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4. The music continues with chordal textures and some melodic movement in the treble staff.

# DOXOLOGIES.

1

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady. 1696.

2

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, One and Three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall forever be.

Rev. John Wesley (1703—1791), 1741.

3

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. Thomas Ken (1637—1711), 1697.

4

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in Heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), 1709.

5

L. M. 6 l.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in Heaven;  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1709. (First 4 lines.)

6

C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom Heaven's triumphant host  
And saints on earth adore;  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
When time shall be no more.

Tate and Brady. 1696. *All.*

7

L. M. 6 l.

Now to the great and sacred Three,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Eternal praise and glory given,  
Through all the worlds where God is  
known,  
By the angels near the throne.  
And all the saints in earth and Heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts. 1719.

8

H. M.

O God, for ever blest,  
To Thee all praise be given;  
Thy Name Triune confest  
By all in earth and Heaven;  
As heretofore it was, is now,  
And shall be so for evermore.

Bp. Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825— ), 1870.

9

8s, 7s.

Praise the Father, earth and Heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.

Author unknown. 1827

10

8s, 7s. D.

Worship, honor, glory, blessing,  
Lord, we offer to Thy Name:  
Young and old their praise expressing.  
Join Thy goodness to proclaim.  
As the saints in Heaven adore Thee.  
We would bow before Thy throne;  
As the angels serve before Thee,  
So on earth Thy will be done!

Edward Osler (1798—1863), 1836.

11

8, 7, 4.

Glory be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Glory be to God the Spirit,  
Great Jehovah, Three in One:  
Glory, glory,  
While eternal ages run.

Rev. Horatius Bonar (1808— ), 1866.

## Doxologies.

12

7s, 6s. D.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God whom we adore,  
Join we with the heavenly host,  
To praise Thee evermore :  
Live, by Heaven and earth adored,  
Three in One, and One in Three,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
All glory be to Thee.

Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788). 1746. *All.*

13

7s.

Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love :  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley 1740.

14

7s. 6l.

Praise the Name, of God most high,  
Praise Him, all below the sky,  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;  
As through countless ages past  
Evermore His praise shall last.

Unknown Author. 1827.

15

7s. 6l.

God the Father, God of grace,  
Saviour, born of mortal race,  
Comforter, our Life and Light,  
One in essence, love and might ;  
Thee whom all in Heaven adore,  
We would worship evermore.

Rev. Ray Palmer (1808— ), 1873.

16

7s. D.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,  
Angels waiting on His word,  
Saints that walk with Him in white,  
Pilgrims walking in His light :  
Glory to the Eternal One,  
Glory to His Only Son,  
Glory to the Spirit be  
Now, and through eternity.

Rev. Alexander Ramsay Thompson (1822— ), 1869.

17

6s, 4s.

To the great One in Three  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore ;  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

Rev. Charles Wesley. 1757.

18

6s, 4s.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise be given :  
Crown Him in every song ;  
To Him your hearts belong,  
Let all His praise prolong  
On earth, in Heaven.

Rev. Edwin Francis Hatfield (1807—1883), 1843.

19

10s.

All praise and glory to the Father be  
And Son and Spirit, undivided Three,  
As hath been alway, shall be, and is now,  
To Thee, O God, the everlasting Thou.

Bp. Edward Henry Bickersteth (1835— ), 1870.

20

10s, 11s.

All glory to God, the Father and Son,  
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in  
One ;  
Let highest ascriptions forever be given  
By all the creation on earth and in Heav-  
en.

Rippon's Collection. 1778.

21

11s.

O Father Almighty, to Thee be address,  
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever  
blest,  
All glory and worship, from earth and  
from Heaven,  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be  
given.

Unknown Author.

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